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HERESA HELBURN

ALLISON
MAKES HAY



A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

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Allison Makes Hay

Allison Makes Hay

A Comedy in Three Acts

By
THERESA HELBURN

*Originally produced at The Belmont Theatre, New York,
under the title of "Crops and Croppers"*

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BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1919

Allison Makes Hay

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

(In the order of their appearance)

MARGOT MARBROOK, 19, *her sister.*
JANEY WIMPOLE, 19, *her sister's friend.*
ANNIE, *her maid.*
PETER WESTON, 53, *almost her guardian.*
ALLISON MARBROOK, 23, *herself.*
ROY PARCER, 24, *her soldier.*
STETSON, *her first recruit.*
JEAN, 27, *her hired man.*
MRS. BRADLEY, 35, *her last resort.*
DR. TRUESDALE, 34, *her unsuspected ally.*
STEPHEN MARBROOK, 29, *her brother.*
MRS. SPENCER, 51, } *her neighbors.*
MRS. PRAY, 32, }
PETE COBB, *her victim.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Her house in New York.

ACT II.—Her farm.

ACT III.—Her tenant house.

TIME.—1917. Our first year of the war.



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*(As an unpublished Dramatic Composition under the
title of "Economy")*

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JUL 10 1919

To
JEAN LE ROY
Poet and Soldier
Killed in Action
April 26th, 1918



The first performance of

Allison Makes Hay

Was given at The Belmont Theatre, New York,
Thursday evening, September 12, 1918, under
the title of "Crops and Croppers," with
the following

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In the order of their appearance)

ANNIE, <i>her maid</i>	Irene Daly
JANIE WIMPOLE, <i>her sister's friend</i>	Eleanor Fox
MARGOT MARBROOK, <i>her sister</i>	Louise Cook
PETER WESTON, <i>almost her guardian</i>	Ben Johnson
ALLISON MARBROOK, <i>herself</i>	Eileen Huban
ROY PARCHER, <i>her soldier</i>	Thomas Mitchell
STETSON, <i>her first recruit</i>	J. M. Troughton
JEAN, <i>her hired man</i>	Georges Flateau
MRS. BRADLEY, <i>her last resort</i>	Madeleine Valentine
DR. TRUESDALE, <i>her unsuspected ally</i>	Vernon Kelso
STEPHEN MARBROOK, <i>her brother</i>	Henry Stanford
MRS. SPENCER } <i>her neighbors.</i>	{ Helen Westley
MRS. PRAY }	{ Maud Sinclair
PETE COBB, <i>her victim.</i>	Charles Kennedy

The play was produced under the personal
direction of B. Iden Payne

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Allison Makes Hay

ACT I

The scene is the living-room in the MARBROOKS' house in New York, an irregular shaped room with a fire, L., and near it a comfortable day-enport and a tea-table. Across the room a big flat-topped desk, in front of which is a small settee. Bookcases, easy chairs, etc. The furniture is mahogany, the hangings and upholstery a quiet tapestry. A small cutting table, on which are piles of flannel and cheese-cloth, stands up stage. A door, centre back, leads to the hall, a door R. leads to another room. The time is an afternoon in February.

When the curtain rises, ANNIE, the maid, has just left the tea-tray on the small table near the fireplace and is going out. MARGOT MARBROOK, a pretty, dark, piquante girl of nineteen, in a simple house dress, sits by the table about to serve. JANEY WIMPOLE, also pretty and nineteen, throws her coat and furs on the settee and comes across to the tea-table. MARGOT is emphatic, a little spoiled, at times almost sharp; JANEY, plump, a little greedy, ecstatic. All entrances and exits are through door to hall unless otherwise specified.

JANEY.

Tea—I'm starving!

MARGOT.

Then you'll be disappointed. Allison's getting so frightfully economical we never have anything to eat any more—no cake—just toast and crackers. She says we must set an example to the servants. What do you take?

JANEY.

[*Sitting.*] Cream and two lumps.

MARGOT.

We don't have cream, just milk, nor lump sugar. [*Holding up spoonful of granulated sugar.*] How many grains?

JANEY.

Oh, I *hate* granulated!

MARGOT.

Wait a minute, I can fix that. [*She goes to covered cloisonné vase on the bookcase, L., and dumps the contents into her hand.*] Secret stores! Have to get ahead of Allison somehow!

[*She returns to the table and deposits a handful of paper-wrapped sugar lumps thereon.*]

JANEY.

Lump sugar! Where did you get it? [*Picking up a lump, she reads.*] "Ritz-Carlton Hotel"—?

MARGOT.

Teaed there yesterday with Ted Colton.

JANEY.

[*Picking up another.*] "Café des Beaux Arts"—?

MARGOT.

Sh! That was last week—Jimmy Strother!

JANEY.

[*Même jeu.*] "Briarcliffe Lodge!"

MARGOT.

Sunday dinner. Timothy Wayne [*with a little moue*]*—and chaperon.* Well, which will you have?

JANEY.

I think I'll have the *Beaux Arts*.

MARGOT.

[*Protesting.*] No, no, not the Beaux Arts! Poor Jimmy, he left for Spartanburg that night!

[*She sighs.*]

JANEY.

Well, may I have Teddy and the Ritz?

MARGOT.

Oh, no, leave me Teddy! You'd better take Timothy and the chaperon. The lumps are bigger anyway.

JANEY.

All right. I loathe Timothy. Perhaps the tea will drown him. Tell me, what's the matter with Allison? You're not really getting poor, are you?

MARGOT.

Not that I know of. But Allison says it's our *war* duty. Allison's just *hipped* about the war! Of course the war *is* terrible—with all the men going away and everything.

JANEY.

[*Helping herself to toast.*] Dreadful! Dreadful!

MARGOT.

There won't be a soul left soon! Allison wouldn't *hear* of my coming out this year! She says it's not the time to think of social things. And, of course, I don't want to either. What would be the use? There isn't anything to come out *to* except a lot of old ladies and bald heads!

JANEY.

That's just the way I feel. [*Seriously.*] I think I'll study nursing.

MARGOT.

I'm crazy to. You know Dorothea's in a hospital at Rouen. She writes the most *interesting* letters. She must be having a wonderful time. She doesn't seem to see anything but men!

JANEY.

Heavenly! I hate Red Cross classes. All females! But it takes three years to get a nurse's certificate. They're much stricter now than they were when your sister went over.

MARGOT.

Dorothea *was* over. She didn't come back. Besides, she's twenty-seven.

JANEY.

[*Sadly.*] The older girls are getting *all* the fun out of the war, aren't they? What's the matter with the toast?

MARGOT.

It must be the margarine. You get used to it in time. Have a cracker.

[*Enter ANNIE, the maid, a sprightly young person who might easily become forward, but doesn't.*

ANNIE.

Beg pardon, Miss Margot, there's some people looking at the house. May I show them in here?

MARGOT.

Oh, bother! No, not in here. We must have some place to ourselves. Show them all the other rooms and tell them—oh, tell them this room is being fumigated! [Exit ANNIE.]

JANEY.

People looking at the house? You're not going to sell it?

MARGOT.

This is Allison's idea. We *can't* sell it because it belongs to all four of us together, Dorothea, Stephen, Allison and me, but Allison wants to *rent* it.

JANEY.

And take a ducky little apartment for you two? I see. That's sensible. This house is much too big for you with Dorothea and Stephen away, and apartments are so cozy!

MARGOT.

Oh, if it were only an *apartment* that Allison wanted. But it's worse, much worse! She wants to rent this house and buy a—oh, it's too awful—she wants to—buy a farm!

JANEY.

A farm! Where?

MARGOT.

Oh, I don't know. Somewhere in the country.

JANEY.

Naturally she wouldn't buy a farm on Fifth Avenue. But what does she want to do with it?

MARGOT.

Farm it! Oh, it's this terrible war again! She's been to a lot of lectures about food conservation and food production and all that sort of thing, and she says Dorothea's nursing and Stephen's going to fight and it's our duty to do something, so she's going to buy a farm!

JANEY.

Good gracious! Isn't Allison wonderful?

MARGOT.

I don't approve at all. I don't want to have *anything* to do with it. I hate the whole idea.

JANEY.

But why? I think it's splendid! What fun to have a little farm all your own with pigs and fresh eggs —

MARGOT.

You don't get fresh eggs from pigs, Janey. You mean fresh bacon.

JANEY.

No, I don't. I mean pigs and hens and fresh eggs and sweet butter and—oh, the Garringforths have a little farm on their place, you know, with a model dairy, and it's the greatest fun!

MARGOT.

But I don't want to *live* on a farm!

JANEY.

Oh, you wouldn't have to *live* on it. You'd just go up for week-ends and give your orders and *eat* things.

MARGOT.

No, that isn't Allison's idea at all. We're to live on the farm and run it ourselves.

JANEY.

But what do *you* know about a farm?

MARGOT.

Nothing. But Allison says we'll learn. She says most farmers are very common, *stupid* people, and if *they* know all about it there's no reason why we can't learn very quickly with our expensive educations. She's been making all sorts of inquiries.

JANEY.

Well, I think it's delightful. I've always wanted to live in the country. What glorious house parties you can have!

MARGOT.

House parties! There won't be any *men*. They'll all be away at camp, and I won't even be able to have tea with them on their way through.

JANEY.

[*Suddenly, after a sympathetic pause.*] Why don't you buy a farm near Yaphank? Or Plattsburg, or some place like that?

MARGOT.

[*Struck.*] That's not a bad idea, Janey.

JANEY.

Then you wouldn't have to import any men for your parties [*with meaning*], only a girl or two. Besides they'd help you run the farm. They say the officers just have to *find* work for the men to do at those camps, so if you know just two or three nice officers —

MARGOT.

[*Cheering up.*] I'll suggest that to Allison. Thanks, Janey. Let's see, there's Dick Potter at Yaphank and Billy Rogers and — [*Enter ANNIE with card.*] What is it, Annie—more tourists?

ANNIE.

No, Miss Margot, a gentleman to see Miss Allison.

MARGOT.

[*Having read card.*] Miss Allison is not at home.

ANNIE.

Miss Allison said she'd be in by five. Shall I ask him to wait?

MARGOT.

No. Tell him Miss Allison is *not* at home.

[*Exit ANNIE.*]

JANEY.

Why not have him in? This is no season to turn down a perfectly good man.

MARGOT.

He's not a perfectly good man. He's a manure company!

JANEY.

A what?

MARGOT.

[*Handing her the card.*] You can see for yourself.

JANEY.

[*Reads.*] "Mr. James O'Donnell, representing the Boyd Fertilizer and Manure Co." Good gracious!

MARGOT.

Allison's had heaps of callers like that lately. Every time I go in or out I meet a man in the hall who turns out to be an agricultural implement, or a patent hen-house, or a chemical fertilizer like this one. I told you Allison had been making inquiries.

[*A man's voice is heard outside saying,*
"Thank you, I'll go right in."

JANEY.

Good Heavens, here he is!

[*The door opens and a stout, middle-aged, distinguished, lazy gentleman enters.*]

MARGOT.

[*Brightly.*] No, it's Peter! Hello, Peter! When did *you* get back?

PETER.

Yesterday. How are you, my dear? Good afternoon, Janey. [*Sinking into a comfortable chair.*] Washington is an impossible hole!

JANEY.

I thought Washington would be wonderful this year! So many interesting men—people, I mean—are down there. Every one who isn't in the army is in Washington.

PETER.

You mean every one who ought to be in the army is in Washington. And you can't get a bed fit to sleep in or a meal fit to eat.

MARGOT.

Poor Peter!

JANEY.

What were *you* doing down there, Mr. Weston?

PETER.

Muddling the Government with my good advice. But tell me, Margot, what's up? The maid who let me in asked me if I wanted to rent the house. Do I look as homeless as all that?

MARGOT.

Annie's new. She didn't recognize *you*.

PETER.

A young man in the hall didn't recognize me either. He wanted to know if I was interested in manure! What kind of a game is this?

MARGOT.

Oh, Peter, it's the war! Allison wants to rent the house and buy a farm!

PETER.

A farm! Allison!

[He breaks out laughing. A whistle is heard off stage.]

MARGOT.

[Who has been pouring tea for Peter.] It's true. She'll tell you about it. I hear her now. Don't laugh, Peter, it's too awful! *[In the same desperate tone.]* Cream or lemon?

PETER.

Cream, please.

MARGOT.

Oh, I forgot. There isn't any. You'll have to take milk.

[ALLISON MARBROOK enters, a radiant young person of twenty-three. She is sweet, innocent, impulsive, credulous and eager. She wears street clothes and furs.]

ALLISON.

Hello! Why, Peter, how jolly! When did you get back? Hello, Janey! That tea for me, Margot?

MARGOT.

No, it's for Peter, and he likes *cream*! You're late. Some toast, Peter?

ALLISON.

[*Taking off her wraps.*] I know. I've bought a farm!

JANEY.

Hurrah!

PETER.

Bought it?

ALLISON.

Yes, this afternoon.

MARGOT.

Is it near a camp?

ALLISON.

What do you mean?

MARGOT.

Is it near Yaphank or Plattsburg?

ALLISON.

No, it's in Connecticut.

MARGOT.

Then I'm not going. If it had been near Yaphank I might have gone.

PETER.

I venture to prophesy, Margot, that if there's no encampment near your farm at present, there will be one shortly after you and Allison move in.

[MARGOT *pours tea* for ALLISON.]

ALLISON.

[*Bursting to tell them everything.*] Our farm is near a lake and there's a lovely view, and there's a little mountain right on the place —

JANEY.

How adorable!

PETER.

[*Sardonically.*] And is there any farm land?

ALLISON.

[*Taking her cup.*] Heaps—acres and acres!

PETER.

How many acres?

ALLISON.

I can't remember whether he said eighty to a hundred or a hundred and eighty. I was so excited when I saw it, and acres never mean anything to me. How big is an acre, Peter?

PETER.

An acre? Well, the exact dimensions of an acre escape me for the moment, but —

ALLISON.

There you are! No one *ever* knows how big an acre is. It's just a figure of speech. But this farm *looked* big enough.

MARGOT.

You saw it? When?

ALLISON.

Last Sunday.

MARGOT.

Why didn't you take me?

ALLISON.

I *did* ask you, Margot, but you wanted to go to Briarcliffe with Timothy Wayne.

MARGOT.

I remember. But I didn't know you were going to buy *that* farm!

ALLISON.

Neither did I!

PETER.

Haven't you been a little hasty about it, Allison?

* ALLISON.

Well, you see, Peter, I couldn't wait, because the agent said there was another person—party, he called it—looking at it, and the other party was very, *very* anxious to have it.

PETER.

[*Sardonic.*] The agent said that, did he? How original of the agent!

ALLISON.

But I haven't been hasty about making up my *mind*, Peter. Ask Margot. For three weeks I've done nothing but look up farms. [*She goes to her desk.*] Here are two drawers full of letters and

prospectuses and all kinds of things about farms. We've been very thorough, haven't we, Margot?

[She begins hunting through the drawers for something.]

MARGOT.

"Speak for yourself, John." Peter, you're not eating your toast.

PETER.

Thank you, I'm not hungry this afternoon.

MARGOT.

It's the margerine. Have a cracker.

PETER.

Thanks.

[He takes two.]

ALLISON.

I'm trying to find a picture to show you. I have one somewhere.

JANEY.

[Crossing to ALLISON.] I think it's a splendid idea, Allison. I'm perfectly crazy to live in the country, and I think a farm would be ideal. Is yours white stucco with pink roses climbing all over it and mullioned windows? That's the kind the Garringforths have on their place and I adore it! I'm crazy to see yours!

ALLISON.

[Handing her a photograph.] Here it is.

JANEY.

[Slowly, open-mouthed.] This?

ALLISON.

Yes, show it to Peter. [JANEY, *looking at the picture with incredulous eyes, crosses and hands it to PETER at arm's length. PETER looks at the picture a moment in silence.*] Well, what do you think of it, Peter?

PETER.

I think it's a lucky escape for the "other party."
[MARGOT *has risen and moves behind PETER so she can see the picture.*

MARGOT.

Why, it's awful! Impossible! You couldn't live in a place like that. What are you thinking of, Allison?
[*She starts to tear the picture.*

ALLISON.

[*Stopping her.*] Stop, Margot, don't tear it! You have no imagination. It looks dilapidated now, I admit. All farmhouses do when they're *old*, and that's the only kind to get. It needs fixing but, as the agent said, it's much better to have the repairs done under your own supervision, so you can be sure they're what you want.

[MARGOT *crosses, sits with her back to the others, and pretends to be absorbed in a newspaper.*

PETER.

[*Taking photo back.*] But, Allison, granting you have made the thorough survey of farm property that these two drawers indicate, will you be good enough to tell me what recommended this particular habitation to you above all others?

ALLISON.

That's easy, Peter. It was the cheapest.

PETER.

[*With a glance at the photograph.*] I'm not surprised.

ALLISON.

You see, Peter, our main purpose in all this—I don't know whether Margot has told you—is economy. Every one tells us that food and economy will win the war. So while Dorothea is nursing the wounded and Stephen is fighting, Margot and I are going to raise food and economize! [MARGOT *makes a face.*] That's why I bought this farm. It's ridiculously cheap and really the house is going to be comfortable enough when we make a few changes. [*She perches on the arm of his chair and points out on the photograph as she talks.*] All you have to do is to raise the roof, put in a few dormer windows, take down the outhouses, build a little ell on for kitchen and bathrooms, put a porch on that end, and maybe a terrace at the other, scrape off the wall paper—that is dreadful—panel the inside in white, and really you'll be surprised what a pretty house it will make. I've seen an architect about it and he agrees with me perfectly.

[JANEY, *s'tanding behind PETER on the other side, has nodded approval of all ALLISON'S plans. Now she goes to the table, fills her own cup and eats and drinks while she follows the ensuing conversation.*

PETER.

I see. But, Allison, won't these "repairs," as you call them, be rather expensive?

ALLISON.

Yes, rather—but, then, as we're getting the farm so cheap we can afford to spend a little more on the alterations. That's reasonable, isn't it?

PETER.

Oh, I don't say you can't *afford* it, Allison. You could afford a nice little house in Bar Harbor if you wanted it, but if you prefer this, I don't see any reason why you shouldn't have it. Still, I must say that I'm disappointed you didn't consult me. You know I should have been appointed your guardian if Stephen and Dorothea hadn't happened to be of age when your parents died, and I can't help feeling ——

ALLISON.

I know, Peter dear. And I always think of you that way. But you see I'm of age now, and this was something no one could decide for me. Stephen didn't ask any one's advice when he enlisted, or Dorothea when she began nursing the wounded. Besides, you were in Washington, and farms don't keep.

PETER.

I don't want to seem inquisitive, Allison, but are you and Margot planning to live on this—er—potential farm quite alone?

MARGOT.

[*Turning for a brief second.*] I'm not planning to live on it at *all*, if you want *my* opinion!

ALLISON.

[*Ignoring her.*] No, indeed, we'll have a maid or two, and hired men—and friends, like you and

Janey, only they'll be expected to work—I warn you—*work!*

PETER.

Maids and hired men—and friends! H'm. I know it's a delicate subject with you, Allison, but—no—er?

ALLISON.

Chaperon? I knew you'd come to that, Peter. Well, we've no chaperon here in town!

PETER.

That's not my fault. I did my best —

ALLISON.

And so did we! How many have we had, Margot, including Aunt Evelyn and Cousin Hester? I can't remember. But we never sent *one* of them away. *Honestly*, we didn't, Peter. They all left of their own accord. [*She pauses a moment, pensively.*] I guess they weren't very happy with us, though we always gave them the best room and all that. And if they weren't happy with us here in town, I'm afraid they'd be much less happy in the country, for they'd be thrown in on us so much more, with no theatres or movies or anything to take their minds off us. No, I'm not going to worry about that. I'm too old now to need a chaperon anyway.

PETER.

Oh, *are* you?

ALLISON.

[*Gently.*] Well, I don't mean to boast, but you know, Peter, I *have* had a couple of chances to get

married, and if I didn't take them that's nobody's business but my own. The point is that if I *had* taken them—or, rather, *one* of them—I would now be a chaperon myself, and the fact that I didn't take them doesn't prove me any the less intelligent—rather more so. Of course, you don't know the men, so you'll have to take my word about that. But, anyway, you see I consider myself beyond the chaperonable age, and as for Margot —

MARGOT.

[*Rises and crosses to c. defiantly.*] Oh, you needn't bother about Margot! Margot isn't going out to your horrible, dingy little farm and that's flat! Whatever war work she does, she's going to do right here in *New York City*!

JANEY.

[*Slyly picking up a sugar lump.*] Cheering up lonely soldiers on leave—eh, Margot?

ALLISON.

Now don't say that, Margot dear. I know you don't mean it. And I've got a perfectly splendid plan for you. While I'm busy seeing about the alterations—repairs, I mean—on the farm, you're to go to Cornell and take a course in Agriculture!

MARGOT.

[*As soon as surprise permits her to speak at all.*] Cornell?!!! Me?!!!

ALLISON.

Well, I've decided one of us ought to have some solid scientific knowledge, and you know, Margot

dear, you've got much better brains than I. You always got better marks at school! You really have the makings of a splendid student in you, Margot, in spite of your modesty. And you're practical too, and that's the sort of thing one needs on a farm. You never let any one see half the good things that are in you, Margot. I have a feeling the farm will bring them out.

MARGOT.

[*Mollified, but still defiant.*] It isn't going to get the chance! Anyway, I'm not going to study agriculture with a lot of farm hands!

JANEY.

[*Ecstatic as usual.*] Oh, I think it's a splendid plan. I wish I knew enough to go to a great university like Cornell! Why, there must be three thousand men there, or more!

MARGOT.

Yes, but what sort of men! I want to go to France and help Dorothea.

ALLISON.

You know that's impossible and if you really want to help, Margot, you can be much more helpful here. So what's the difference?

PETER.

[*Dryly.*] The difference, my dear Allison, between doing war work here and going to France is the difference between a Platonic friendship and a love affair.

ALLISON.

You don't realize, Margot, that the war has given a new dignity to agriculture? The farmers are just as important now as the soldiers. Some of our very best men have felt it their duty to go in for agriculture.

JANEY.

That's so. Now I think of it, I know a couple of boys who are going to farm. Allan Barton's one. Don't you know him, Margot? [MARGOT *shakes her head.*] Heaps of yellow hair—brushed pompadour? I do love men with light hair, don't you? By Jiminy, I think he's at Cornell now!

ALLISON.

The farmers are the real home guard, Margot. If you went and studied with them, you'd be fighting shoulder to shoulder with the great army of the reserve. It's really the farmers who are going to win the war. And they know it. Of course it's not as showy as going to France, but that's what makes it all the more heroic. I'm sure, dear, when you understand the real situation, you won't refuse. It's a sacrifice, I know, but you're not afraid to make it for your country, are you, Margot?

MARGOT.

[*Grudgingly.*] Well, if I went, when would I have to go?

ALLISON.

The spring course begins in two weeks. I've the catalogues here. I'll go up with you and get you settled. Oh, Margot, you're just splendid!

JANEY.

Two weeks! Have you any clothes?

MARGOT.

Clothes?

JANEY.

Farm clothes, I mean. Oh, they're doing *wonderful* things with farm clothes now! Even Suzanne had a display of them in her window! Didn't you see it? You mustn't wear overalls, Margot, like those women in the Sunday supplements. You must wear linen breeches and puttees. They're much smarter. Or smocks. Oh, what delicious smocks you can have!

MARGOT.

[*Excited at last.*] I *do* like smocks! When do I have to enrol, Allison?

ALLISON.

That's all right. I sent in your name yesterday.

MARGOT.

[*Annoyed.*] You did?

JANEY.

[*Absorbed with the really important aspect of the affair.*] Have you last month's *Vogue*? There are some farm ideas in that. [*Seeing magazine on table up stage.*] There it is, isn't it? [*She goes to table.*] Come here, Margot.

MARGOT.

[*Joining her.*] Allan Barton . . .? Didn't he go to Hotchkiss?

[They talk together as they look through the magazine. PETER, who has been sitting back smoking a cigarette and watching the little scene with amusement, rises slowly.]

PETER.

Well, I must be getting on. I should like to congratulate you, Allison, on your diplomacy.

ALLISON.

What do you mean, Peter? Are you being horrid?

PETER.

I wish they had you in Washington.

MARGOT.

This isn't the right number. I have it in my room. Come on, Janey.

JANEY.

I'll take my things with me. *[She collects them.]*
Good-bye, Allison, don't forget to invite me to the farm. Good-bye, Mr. Weston.

[As they are going out through door, R., the maid, ANNIE, enters through door at back.]

ANNIE.

Mr. Parcher is here, Miss Allison.

ALLISON.

Oh, how nice! Ask him to come up.

[Exit ANNIE.]

JANEY.

[Stopping abruptly.] Who's Mr. Parcher—the Manure Co.?

MARGOT.

[*Surprised.*] No. Don't you know Roy Parcher? Oh, that's true, he's been at camp ever since you came back to New York. But come on, he's not worth waiting for—he's Allison's.

[*The girls go out, L.*

ALLISON.

Don't go, Peter dear.

PETER.

Have to. Why don't you and Margot have dinner with me at the Gotham?

ALLISON.

Oh, we can't! We're going to Amy Wentworth's or I'd make you stay. It's her night for bandages.

PETER.

To-morrow then. I go back Thursday.

ALLISON.

We'd love to.

PETER.

There are some points about this farm proposition, Allison, that ——

ALLISON.

[*Laying a coaxing hand on his shoulder.*] Please don't disapprove of me, Peter dear. I'm very much in earnest. I feel as if I couldn't face Dorothea and Stephen when they come back from France. if Margot and I hadn't done something. You mustn't disapprove —— [ROY PARCHER enters, a nice-looking

young man in the uniform of a first lieutenant.]
Oh, hello, Roy! This is jolly! I didn't expect you in town till Saturday.

ROY.

Orders changed. How are you, Mr. Weston?

PETER.

Well, thanks. [*With a glance at Roy's tanned face.*] I needn't ask about yourself. Till to-morrow, Allison.

ALLISON.

[*Going up stage to door with him.*] Good-bye, Peter. You can scold me all you like to-morrow. [*Exit PETER. ALLISON comes down stage to Roy thoughtfully.*] Only I guess I won't go.

ROY.

Go where?

ALLISON.

To dinner with Peter. He'll try to discourage me and there's no use letting people discourage you when your mind's made up, is there, Roy?

ROY.

I don't know what you're talking about, Allison.

ALLISON.

Oh, I've just bought a farm and Peter doesn't approve, and he wants to spoil a perfectly good dinner to-morrow telling me so.

ROY.

You've got to dine with me to-morrow.

ALLISON.

[*Brightly, relieved.*] Do I? Well, that settles it, doesn't it?

ROY.

I go back to-morrow night.

ALLISON.

Why, you've just come!

ROY.

I know. They cut down our leaves to thirty-six hours.

ALLISON.

[*Apprehensively.*] Really! What does that mean, Roy?

ROY.

I don't know. Looks as if we might be going over any time now.

ALLISON.

[*Impressed.*] Oh, Roy! . . . Are you glad?

ROY.

Of course. But it brings you up short a bit, too.

ALLISON.

I know. Have you had tea?

ROY.

Don't want any, thanks.

ALLISON.

Then do you mind if I work? [*She moves up R. to take the little work table.* ROY goes to her as-

sistance. *They carry it down R. in front of the desk.*] Here, thanks.

[She sits. Roy stands, looking down at her.]

ROY.

It's nice to see you again, Allison.

ALLISON.

Thanks, old top, same to you. I haven't seen you since you were promoted. Congratulations.

ROY.

[Swaggering a little.] Thanks. Were you surprised? Pretty quick work, wasn't it? Did I write you what the Colonel said? He said "Parcher," he said, "if all the men got their promotion as quick as you ——"

ALLISON.

[Interrupting.] Yes, you wrote me. It was splendid! And you certainly look nice in uniform, Roy. It's awfully becoming.

ROY.

[Glancing at himself in the little colonial mirror behind ALLISON.] Think so? Not bad, but we ought to have belts. Don't you think we'd look better with belts, Allison?

ALLISON.

Let's see.

[She hands him a strip of flannel. He puts it around his waist.]

ROY.

What are you making with this stuff?

ALLISON.

Abdominal bands.

ROY.

Oh!

[*He removes the belt hastily. Enter JANEY, R., hurriedly.*

JANEY.

I beg your pardon. I think I must have left my bag here. I was just going when I missed it.

[*She crosses behind desk to c. and begins looking on settee on which her things had lain.*

ROY.

Let me look!

ALLISON.

Janey, this is Roy Parcher. Margot's friend, Miss Wimpole, Roy.

[*They exchange smiles and "How-do-you-do's."*

JANEY.

I don't see it.

ROY.

There it is, under the desk. I'll get it for you. [*He pulls out the little settee and drops to his knees beside the desk. JANEY, looking down, perceives his hair, which is thick and golden. She gazes at it, fascinated. ROY, still on his knees.*] Isn't this it? [*Perceiving her gaze, he puts his hand hastily to his head.*] I say, what's the matter?

JANEY.

[*Slowly.*] You ought to wear it pompadour! Oh, I beg your pardon! Yes, that's it. Thanks awfully! I'll run along now. Excuse me for butting in. Bye-bye, Allison.

[*She hurries out much embarrassed, but casting a final glance at Roy's golden poll.*]

ROY.

[*Who has risen to his feet, staring after her.*] Well! Of all the —— Pretty, isn't she?

ALLISON.

Awfully, and fun too. Come sit down, Roy.

ROY.

[*Drawing the little settee near ALLISON. The letters with which the desk is littered prompt his next remark.*] I've enjoyed your letters heaps, Allison. I know my answers weren't very regular.

ALLISON.

Oh, I didn't expect you to answer regularly. I know you're frightfully busy. I made up my mind I'd write every Tuesday, rain or shine, a war pledge, you know. I have you down on my calendar for Tuesday. [*She lifts the Phillips Brooks calendar which is hanging on the end of the desk near her and reads.*] "Tuesday, write Roy."

ROY.

It was fine of you, Al, I appreciate it. [*Looking at the calendar in turn.*] But see here, who's Bobby A.? It says, "Wednesday, write Bobby A."

ALLISON.

[*Going on with her work.*] Oh, that's Bobby Akins. He's a little navy boy. I don't even know him. I was just asked to "take him on" because he was lonesome.

ROY.

Well, if you don't know him, that's different, but I say [*looking closer at the calendar*], do you know Arthur Garry, Thursday, and Michael F., Monday, and Dick Peters, Saturday?

ALLISON.

[*Laughing.*] Some of them. You wouldn't like me to write to you every day, would you, Roy? You'd be bored stiff.

ROY.

[*Nervously fingering the calendar.*] I don't know as I should. You see, Allison, I find most of the fellows have a girl at home—one particular girl, you know—whose picture they've got and all that—and they get a heap out of the idea. It's a sort of an anchor and a comfort when you're darn cold and uncomfortable to know there's somebody—besides your mother, of course,—who thinks a lot more of you than she does of [*flinging down the calendar*]—of Bobby A. and Michael F., and Dick Peters. You've been my best girl friend for so long, Allison, I've sort of taken things for granted, but when I think of going over there and—er—getting into the thick of things, I'd like to feel there was something more between us than just—[*he picks up the calendar again and lets it fall*] just this!

ALLISON.

Good gracious, Roy, is this a proposal?

ROY.

Well, I don't know as you could call it that, Allison. I can't very well ask you to marry me. I don't think a fellow has a right to ask a girl to marry him when he doesn't know whether he's coming back in pieces or not in the next six months, but what I mean to say is, I—I'd like it awfully, Allison, if you'd be engaged to me! [ALLISON *does not answer. He comes close to her.*] What do you say, Allison? Will you?

ALLISON.

I'm thinking, Roy. [*She rises and moves away.*] This is an entirely new idea to me. I hadn't thought about getting engaged at the present moment. You see, as I've told you, I've just bought a farm and my mind is pretty well taken up with that.

ROY.

[*Following her.*] I don't see what your buying a farm has to do with getting engaged to me.

ALLISON.

No . . . you're quite right. I ought to have room in my mind for more than one thing at a time. Let me think, Roy.

ROY.

I know how you feel. I didn't think about it either until we got our leaves cut down, and they told us to go home and make our wills and put our affairs in order.

ALLISON.

[*Impressed.*] Did they do *that*? Oh, Roy, how dreadful!

ROY.

Yes, that brings a fellow up short, you know, and makes him think, and I found I was thinking more about you—after mother, of course—than any one else. This war business is a pretty serious thing, Allison.

ALLISON.

[*Touched in her Achilles' heel.*] Oh, Roy, I wouldn't have you go over there with a wish like that ungratified for the world! If anything happened to you I'd never forgive myself! Of course I'll be engaged to you, Roy!

ROY.

You will?

ALLISON.

I'd be a pretty poor sort of girl if I couldn't do that much for you when you're going over to fight for me and my country! I'm proud and happy to be engaged to you, Roy! . . . I was going to write to you regularly anyway, and I don't see that it will take any more time to write now we're engaged, will it?

ROY.

But you won't go on writing to all those other chaps, will you?

ALLISON.

Well, I've sort of signed up for that as a patriotic duty. But I'll make it perfectly clear to them that

I'm engaged to you, Roy, and of course I'll write longer letters to you and more. It will be lots more fun writing to you now! You can say so much more to a person when you're engaged to them, can't you?

ROY.

[*Coming dangerously close.*] Can you? I never was engaged before. [*He takes her hands.*]

ALLISON.

[*Holding him at arm's length and hastily making conversation.*] Neither was I, except once for three days, and that was owing to a misunderstanding. Oh, well, I'll have heaps to tell you about anyway, Roy, what with the farm and all.

ROY.

Both the farm, Allison, aren't you going to—er—to —

[ANNIE, the maid, enters providentially. They separate.]

ALLISON.

What is it, Annie? Oh, yes, the tray.

ANNIE.

[*Collecting tea things.*] There was a gentleman just called to see you on business, Miss Allison. I took the liberty of saying you were engaged.

ALLISON.

[*Startled.*] Engaged! How did —?

ANNIE.

[*Tray in hand.*] Mr. Weston and Miss Wimpole were still here.

ALLISON.

Oh, yes, quite right, Annie. And what did he want to see me about?

ANNIE.

[*With obvious disapproval, stopping on way to door.*] Hogs, Miss.

ALLISON.

Hogs! How interesting! Will he call again?

ANNIE.

He said he would 'phone, Miss. [Exit.

ROY.

[*Who has taken a small box out of his pocket and is sitting on the davenport.*] I say, Allison, I stopped at Tiffany's on the way up and—er—got this.

ALLISON.

[*Coming to him, excitedly.*] Oh, Roy, how reckless of you!

ROY.

[*Conscientiously.*] Well, I had it charged in case—er—in case you didn't like it.

• ALLISON.

[*Laughing.*] I see! But I *do* like it, Roy! It's beautiful! Beautiful!

ROY.

The man said it was their latest war model. I'm glad you like it. May I put it on? [ALLISON gives him her hand. He puts on the ring, continues hold-

ing her hand and draws her towards him.] There's something else, Allison —

ALLISON.

[*Hastily.*] I know. I ought to give you something—something I've made, oughtn't I? But I haven't anything. I've been so busy with the Red Cross — Oh, there are the bands, the abdominal bands! Will you take those, Roy? They say they're awfully useful and I made them myself.

[*She has broken away from him and goes to the work table. He follows her.*]

ROY.

I don't want any bands, Allison. You know what I want.

[*The little table is between them.*]

ALLISON.

[*At bay.*] I know, Roy. [*Gaily.*] Come on. Let's get it over.

[*They kiss shyly across the little table. Then they separate, somewhat embarrassed.*]

MARGOT'S voice is heard outside calling, "Oh, Allison! is Roy still there? There's a motor waiting for him." They separate to different sides of the room. ROY fingers an ornament on the chimneypiece. MARGOT bursts in.

MARGOT.

Hello, Roy. Did you hear?

ROY.

Yes. Hello, Margot.

ALLISON.

Margot, Roy and I are engaged.

MARGOT.

What are you *doing*?

ALLISON.

[*A little annoyed.*] Engaged! Engaged to be married.

MARGOT.

[*Not to be jollicd.*] Ha ha! You look it!

ALLISON.

Don't be silly. It's true.

MARGOT.

Seriously?

ALLISON.

Here's my ring.

[*This is proof positive.* MARGOT rushes to inspect it.

MARGOT.

Oh, what a duck! Well, aren't you the sly pair! Congratulations, sweetheart! [*She kisses ALLISON.*] Congratulations, Roy! I suppose I've got to kiss you now you're a member of the family! [*She runs across and gives him a hearty hug and kiss in marked contrast to the one he and ALLISON have exchanged. Struck by a new thought.*] Hurrah! I suppose you'll give up the farm idea now!

ALLISON.

Certainly not! Roy goes off to-morrow, perhaps for good. He's another one we have to live up to.

MARGOT.

Oh, bother! Well, I found some dinky patterns! I suppose you won't go to Amy Wentworth's now.

ALLISON.

Oh, I must. It's her bandage night. We'll take Roy with us.

Roy.

I can't. I have to go out to Irvington to Grandma's. It's her eightieth birthday. That's what the car is for.

MARGOT.

[*Scornfully.*] Grandma's! On your engagement night!

ALLISON.

Of course he must go. His grandmother won't have many more birthdays.

MARGOT.

How many more engagement nights do you think Roy will have? Well, it's not *my* business. I'll clear out and let you say good-bye in peace. No one could ever call *me* a gooseberry!

[*She runs out leaving ROY and ALLISON somewhat dismayed at the program she has laid out for them.*]

Roy.

I'm awfully sorry, Al ——— Good Lord, it's after six! I was to call for mother at quarter to!

[*The telephone rings.*]

ALLISON.

[*Moving to answer it.*] I understand perfectly, Roy. [*In 'phone.*] Yes, this is Miss Marbrook—Allison Marbrook. [*To Roy.*] Hurry right off, Roy. [*In 'phone.*] Hogs? Oh, yes, were you the gentleman who just called? I'm so sorry. Just a minute. [*To Roy.*] What is it, Roy? Lunch tomorrow? Yes, of course. Call me up. [*In 'phone.*] No, thank you. I don't think I shall have any hogs. They're so big and ugly. Pigs? Oh, well, pigs are different. Just a minute. [*To Roy, who has come very close.*] Good-bye, Roy. You don't want to take the abdominal bands? Oh, they're not wrapped. I'll send them to you. [*As he starts to kiss her.*] Oh, I can't now. Very well. Quietly, Roy. [*She covers mouthpiece with her hand as he kisses her cheek.*] Good-bye. [*Roy goes. In 'phone.*] Yes, I think I'll have some pigs, little ones. [*Calling.*] Remember me to your grandmother! [*In 'phone.*] No, I wasn't speaking to you. No, not to you. . . . But I can't order any styes now. . . . Yes, I'm sure yours are very nice. . . . But I'd rather wait until I get the pigs. The styes ought to fit the pigs more or less, oughtn't they? Oh, you'll send me some pictures? That's very kind of you. I don't like to bother you. . . . Well, of course, if you want to. . . .

THE CURTAIN HAS FALLEN AS SHE TALKS

ACT II

The scene is a charming white-panelled room at the farm. Two small bay windows with a door between take up most of the right wall. There are window-seats inside and brightly flowering window boxes outside. The door between is broad and solid, with long hand-made hinges, painted black. It is the main entrance to the house. In the opposite wall, French windows give on a little brick terracé, shaded by a pink awning. The French windows are curtained in muslin. The bay windows have rose patterned shades which are now partially drawn, as it is a warm summer morning, the third of July, to be precise. From the left back corner rises a small colonial staircase that takes up part of the back wall. Beneath this, to the right of the centre, is the door leading to the kitchen, flanked on either side by the two halves of a small mahogany console table. On the L. down stage in front of the French windows is an old mahogany desk with bookcase above, and up stage a door to a cupboard in which are shelves for china and glass and drawers for linen and silver. Round wicker tables and easy chairs, a soft green with rose patterned cushions, and four straight-backed rush-bottomed mahogany chairs complete the furniture of the room. Bowls of flowers are on the tables.

The curtain rises on an empty stage. After a moment MARGOT and PETER come along the path outside the nearer bay window and enter, R. MARGOT wears a white skirt, white tennis shoes and stockings, a pale blue smock and a big shade hat. PETER is in motor togs, linen duster and cap. He is hot and dusty. The chauffeur, STETSON, follows after a moment, carrying PETER'S bag.

MARGOT.

[*Tossing her hat on table.*] Here we are, Peter. How do you like it?

PETER.

[*Sinking, as usual, into the most comfortable chair, and mopping his brow.*] Charming—charming.

MARGOT.

Stetson, will you put that at the head of the stairs? [STETSON obeys; to PETER.] Why didn't you bring Janey?

PETER.

Her sister is bringing her. She's house hunting in these parts, I believe. May I have something to drink, Margot?

MARGOT.

Oh, Peter, we've no alcoholic beverages! Will ginger ale or lemonade do?

PETER.

Perfectly. A horse's neck.

MARGOT.

I'll get you one [*she starts for kitchen door, rear*], and Stetson must be thirsty too.

[*She goes into kitchen, leaving door open.*]

PETER.

No, Stetson likes Moxie. He can go back to that drug-store we passed a few miles back, can't you, Stetson? [STETSON *has come down-stairs again. PETER hands him a bill and adds, low.*] And get a bottle of Haig and Haig while you're about it, Stetson.

STETSON.

Very good, sir.

[*He goes, R.*]

[MARGOT *reënters carrying a bottle of ginger ale and a lemon.*]

MARGOT.

Here you are. Where's Stetson?

[*Goes to cupboard.*]

PETER.

Gone. Why must you bother? Couldn't a maid have got it?

MARGOT.

[*Bringing glass, opener, etc., to table L. C.*] We have no maids.

PETER.

No maids!

MARGOT.

The last left yesterday when she heard we were going to have company over the Fourth.

PETER.

Great Scott—only two people —

MARGOT.

[*Cutting the lemon rind.*] It wasn't the company frightened her. But Allison told her it was to be a *working* house party, that the guests were to help, you know. Allison thought it would please her. She left on the spot.

PETER.

So you've no one? Why didn't you call us off?

MARGOT.

I suggested it, but Allison said it would be better to have you and Janey come and help us than to try to do it all alone.

PETER.

[*Not very much pleased at the prospect.*] Oh, did she? I have to go back to-morrow. Did I tell you?

MARGOT.

Don't let that bother you. We'll get some maids from town after the holiday. We've always had some one here. Allison says we are like the woman who kept three, one here, one coming and one going. Here, you open it, Peter. It always squirts on me.

PETER.

[*Opening and pouring the ginger ale.*] None for you?

MARGOT.

No, thanks.

[PETER takes a long drink, after which he is able to pay some attention to his surroundings.]

PETER.

[Looking around.] Well, you certainly have done wonders. It doesn't look much like that photograph.

MARGOT.

I'm glad you've been away and didn't see it till it was all done. Allison did most of it while I was at Ithaca.

PETER.

That's so. How did you like college, Margot?

MARGOT.

Oh, the men were *impossible!* Still I did have *some* fun. I got the Faculty in line very quickly. There was a young etymologist for one, and a pomologist, and a —

PETER.

Strikes me you got the gist of things very soon, Margot. Did you study nothing but human nature up there?

MARGOT.

Oh, no, I learned heaps. See all those books? [Pointing to bookcase.] That's my agricultural library.

PETER.

[Impressed.] Do you know what's in all of those?

MARGOT.

Certainly not. That's the best part of agriculture. You don't have to *learn* anything. It's all down in books and indexed, so whenever you want to know anything, all you have to do is to look it up! Don't you want to see the place, Peter?

PETER.

Not just yet. We crawled these last miles. Your roads here are just rivers of mud.

MARGOT.

I know. We've had a solid week of rain. But that's good for the crops.

PETER.

[*Smiling at her knowledge.*] So I've heard tell. What are you raising?

MARGOT.

Oh, we put a lot of things in in May, corn and rye and the vegetable garden and so on. We had a fine farmer then. But he left. He didn't like the tenant house.

PETER.

Who have you now?

MARGOT.

No one. That's where Allison is.

PETER.

There? Where?

MARGOT.

Hunting for a hired man. We can do without maids, you know, but we must have a man, because

the things are growing and you can't stop them. It's terrible getting labor, Peter. All those heroes Allison talked about so glibly have never showed up. The only way I can see to run a farm is to marry a widower with three stalwart sons! [*She takes up bottle.*] More, Peter? [*He shakes his head. He is laughing.*] Then I'll finish it.
[*Empties bottle into glass.*]

PETER.

But that's my glass!

MARGOT.

I know. It saves washing. We did our own work once before.

PETER.

Have you had no one since the first farmer left?

MARGOT.

Oh, yes, several hired men. But they're not much good, you have to tell them everything. One of them put the asparagus plants in upside down. [*Collects bottle and glass, etc.*] Well, I suppose it was partly my fault. I told him to put them in that way. But he ought to have known better.

[*Takes bottle, etc., into kitchen.*]

PETER.

Certainly. *He* hadn't been to an agricultural college!

MARGOT.

[*Coming in again.*] Well, it's easy for you to laugh, Peter, but how can you tell which end of a plant is going to grow up and which end is going

to grow down, when they both look exactly alike! And they're so expensive,—hired men, I mean! They don't seem to realize we are doing this for the war. *They're just out for their own gain!* You know, Peter, there was an old farmer in my class on farm management, and when the professor began talking about profits and things, he stood right up in class and said, "B'gosh, don't talk to me about farming. *It's standing on the brink of hell throwing in checks!*" And I rather think he's right.

PETER.

Aren't you discouraged rather early in the game, Margot?

MARGOT.

Well, I never was for it, you know. But Allison isn't discouraged. She says we've done heaps in a short time, what with the house and the barns,—oh, you must come and see the barns, Peter! They're dreams, all sealed and as clean as wax.

PETER.

They'll keep. How much live stock have you?

MARGOT.

Well, we haven't any yet except the two farm horses, and we're boarding them down at Spencer's till we get a man. You see, animals take such a lot of looking after. I feed and wash Grumpy, our dog, and *I know!* Still it is a shame to have those lovely barns empty. We're thinking of getting a calf, a little one. Allison and I might be able to manage that between us, don't you think?

PETER.

A calf is so lucrative!

MARGOT.

Besides we must get a farmer or a hired man soon.

PETER.

[*Looking off L.*] Do your hired men live in that little tenant house too?

MARGOT.

No, in the barn. Allison had the cunningest rooms put in, with a bath and all.

PETER.

A suite of rooms with bath! Allison didn't stint herself, did she?

MARGOT.

Well, she said if any one on the place needed a bath, it was the hired man. And of course she was right.

PETER.

I don't doubt it.

MARGOT.

We've made lovely blue smocks for the men too. Only so far none of them would wear them. Allison has an eye for color. That's why she got a white collie, thought it would look so nice on the green. But, my goodness! since the rain he looks like Mary's lamb in Pittsburgh. He's out with Allison now, looking for a hired man.

PETER.

I see you're driven to hunting hired men with dogs.

MARGOT.

Listen! [*Sound of motor.*] There's Allison now. [*She runs to window.*] And she's got some one with her. Who is it?

PETER.

I can't see at this distance.

MARGOT.

It's a man! Hurrah! But my goodness, Peter, he's an awful looking object, isn't he?

PETER.

Well, I'm here, and Stetson once sparred against Freddy Welsch. What's the brown thing coming up the path?

MARGOT.

Great Heavens! It's Grumpy! And I washed him this morning!

PETER.

[*Opening the door.*] Hello, Allison.

ALLISON'S VOICE.

[*Off stage.*] Shut the door, Peter. Don't let Grumpy in. He's too muddy. [PETER *shuts the door.* ALLISON'S voice, *off stage.*] No, no, oo muth go to the barn, thweetest—tant tum in now—oo's too muddy!

[ALLISON *opens the door and slips in quickly, shutting it behind her. She carries an*

armful of bundles which she puts on table up R. with MARGOT's hat. She wears corduroy skirt and yellow smock.

ALLISON.

Hello, Peter dear! Where's Janey?

PETER.

Coming.

ALLISON.

Well, congratulate me. I've found a hired man!

MARGOT.

[Who has been looking moodily out of the window.] Well, I shan't wash him, that's one sure thing!

ALLISON.

All right, I will.

PETER.

Great Heavens, young ladies! I admit the specimen that accompanied Allison looks much in need of ablution, but does the task always devolve on one of you damsels?

ALLISON.

Oh, she means Grumpy. I had a puncture and Grumpy jumped out. I couldn't stop him. But it was the luckiest breakdown, because that's how I found the hired man! He was sitting on the roadside looking awfully tired and muddy, but when he saw me trying to jack up the car, he came and asked if he couldn't help. He was awfully polite and nice.

Not but what I would be glad of help from the wild man of Borneo when it comes to changing a tire. But he isn't from Borneo. He's French. Well, when he got the tire on —

PETER.

All alone?

ALLISON.

I handed him the tools, but he knows about a machine, said he was a mechanic once—well, when he got through he seemed so nice in spite of his looks, that I had a wonderful inspiration. So I said to him, just as they do in books, "My good man, are you out of a job?" And he said that was *just* what he *was*. "Do you know anything about farming?" said I. He said he was brought up on a farm. Wasn't that lucky! So I said, "Would you like to come and work for me?" and he said he would be delighted! So he got in the car, I turned right round, we stopped at the village and did the errands and here we are! He knows about farming and automobiles both; isn't it splendid?

MARGOT.

Sounds too good to be true.

PETER.

Do you usually acquire your labor in this casual way?

ALLISON.

We don't usually acquire it at all, Peter. That's the trouble.

PETER.

Well, where is this specimen? You'd better have him in and let us look him over. He sounds rather fishy to me.

ALLISON.

He's coming. He just took the car to the barn. Oh, I forgot to tell you the most exciting part—he's served in the French army. I told him how we were doing this to help win the war and he was awfully interested. He's got the nicest eyes!

PETER.

Well, if he's a French soldier, what's he doing over here?

ALLISON.

Oh, he was wounded or something.

MARGOT.

Does he speak English?

ALLISON.

Very well, considering. But I talked French to him, too.

MARGOT.

And he understood? He must be a marvel!

ALLISON.

Sh! [*There is a knock at the door.*] Entrez!
[*Enter JEAN. His age and usual appearance are rather difficult to gauge beneath his four days' growth of beard and the mud*

that cakes him. He wears khaki trousers, much the worse for wear, tucked into muddy boots, a flannel shirt and soft cap.

JEAN.

[*Cap in hand.*] Mademoiselle?

ALLISON.

Come in. This is Jean, Peter—Jean Duval, isn't it? Monsieur is a very old friend, and this is my sister of whom I told you.

JEAN.

[*Bowing to each in turn.*] Monsieur—Mademoiselle.

PETER.

[*Eyeing him suspiciously.*] Miss Marbrook tells me she found you sitting by the roadside. What were you doing there?

JEAN.

[*Whose refuge in any crisis is to pretend not to understand.*] Pardon, Monsieur?

PETER.

I say, what were you doing there?

JEAN.

I waz—er—what you call it?—lookin' for ze job——

PETER.

That's an odd place to be looking for a job—on the roadside.

JEAN.

[*Innocently.*] Is it? But it came to me zere!
You see?

ALLISON.

You don't understand, Peter. He was *on his way*
to town to look for a job. [JEAN *nods.*]

PETER.

Where do you come from?

JEAN.

[*Making time.*] Pardon, Monsieur?

PETER.

[*Louder.*] I say, where do you come from?

JEAN.

Oh! from la Bretagne, Monsieur.

PETER.

Where's that?

ALLISON.

Brittany, Peter. You've been in Brittany. Don't
you remember the Celtic remains? Jean knows
all about them.

PETER.

I didn't mean that. Where have you *just* come
from? Were you in a place?

JEAN.

Mais oui, Monsieur. Ze Dr. Truesdale's place.

PETER.

Where is that?

MARGOT.

Oh, I know where that is, about eight miles from here, over the hill. Don't you know, he's the man who did such splendid work in Servia and got typhus or something. Isn't that the Dr. Truesdale you mean, Jean?

JEAN.

Yeas, Mademoiselle, zat is he.

PETER.

What did you do there?

JEAN.

[*Vaguely.*] Oh, everyt'ing, Monsieur.

MARGOT.

Handy man around the place? That's just the sort we want.

JEAN.

[*Bowing.*] Zat is me, Mademoiselle.

PETER.

I suppose Dr. Truesdale will give you a reference.

JEAN.

A what, Monsieur?

PETER.

[*Louder.*] A reference.

JEAN.

Comprends pas, Monsieur.

PETER.

[*Very loud.*] A reference! A report as to your character and ability.

JEAN.

Pardon, Monsieur, I have still my hearing.

PETER.

[*Exhausted.*] It doesn't seem of much value to you.

ALLISON.

That's enough, Peter. Jean's tired and hungry. I'm going to take him to the barn and show him his quarters. Later I can call up Dr. Truesdale on the telephone, can't I, Jean, and talk to him about you?

JEAN.

Mais si, Mademoiselle. Dr. Truesdale will be delighted to talk to you, about me, or anyt'ing.

ALLISON.

You see, Peter?

JEAN.

I fear ze doctor is away just now. But if Mademoiselle will give me a few days, I will procure ze documents in writing.

PETER.

[*Sceptical.*] Huh!

ALLISON.

That will be fine. Margot, get me one of the smocks, will you? Jean, ou avez vous mis votre—votre bundle? Vous comprenez?

[MARGOT gets smock from lowest drawer of cupboard.]

JEAN.

Si, Mademoiselle, dans l'automobile.

ALLISON.

[Taking smock.] All right. Come along. I want you to wear this to work in.

JEAN.

[Looking at the garment in dismay.] Zat?

ALLISON.

Yes, I made it myself, for the workmen on the place.

JEAN.

Yourself? [He takes it reverently.] Mademoiselle, I shall wear it avec ze grand plaisir!

[He holds the door open for her and follows her out.]

PETER.

Well! do you call that giving a satisfactory account of himself?

MARGOT.

Oh, for Heaven's sake, don't be so particular, Peter. You act as if hired men were just lying round to be picked.

PETER.

Picked up, you mean. Well, I shan't let you keep this fellow until I've had a good talk with Truesdale, and perhaps not then.

MARGOT.

Peter, if you'd hunted for hired men as hard as we have, you'd welcome the Kaiser himself with open arms. [*Sound of motor.*] What's that? [*She runs to the window.*] Janey!

[*She runs out. You hear her calling off stage, "Hello, Janey! Go way, Grumpy, go way! Oh, Mrs. Bradley, how nice! I'll take it, Masters." Presently she reënters, carrying JANEY'S suitcase and showing in JANEY and her sister, MRS. BRADLEY, a smart young matron. Both wear silk motor coats.*

MARGOT.

Come in. You know Mr. Weston? Peter, this is Janey's sister, Mrs. Bradley.

PETER.

[*Shaking hands.*] I haven't seen her since she wore short frocks.

MRS. BRADLEY.

I'm still wearing them, it seems—shorter and shorter! [*They laugh.*] Oh, but this is enchanting, Margot! It's a miracle what you've done with it!

MARGOT.

It is pretty, isn't it? We live here, and eat on the terrace.

[*She opens terrace door, revealing pale green iron table, chairs, etc.*

MRS. BRADLEY.

Charming! And the view!

MARGOT.

[*Opening kitchen door.*] This is the kitchen.
Do you want to see it?

[MARGOT and MRS. BRADLEY go into kitchen.]

PETER.

Janey, are you ready for work?

JANEY.

Of course. I wore my working clothes. [*She takes off her wrap and appears in immaculate white corduroy skirt and pale green smock.*] How do you like them?

PETER.

Most becoming! You know there are no servants.

JANEY.

Good Heavens! Who's going to cook?

PETER.

[*Eyeing her dress.*] That's what I'm wondering!
[MRS. BRADLEY and MARGOT reënter.]

MRS. BRADLEY.

Janey, go in and look at Allison's canning kitchen.
It's simply perfect! May I go up-stairs?

[*She and MARGOT go up. MARGOT is heard off stage, saying, "This is Allison's room. No, that's a guest room—the servants are in the ell," etc. Enter ALLISON, R.*

ALLISON.

Hello, Janey! I'm awfully glad to see you. How did you come out?

JANEY.

Sister brought me. She's up-stairs with Margot.

ALLISON.

Good! Will she stay?

JANEY.

No, she's house hunting. [*With innuendo.*] I've just come back from Spartanburg, Allison.

ALLISON.

That's so. Did you have a good time?

JANEY.

Gorgeous! By the way, I saw quite a bit of your friend, Roy Parcher. He sent you heaps of messages.

ALLISON.

Did he? Poor boy, he's so busy he gets hardly any time to write.

JANEY.

That's funny. Seemed to me he was playing round an awful lot.

[MRS. BRADLEY and MARGOT descend the staircase.]

MRS. BRADLEY.

Well, I think it's perfectly enchanting! How do you do, Allison? I'm just in rhapsodies over your house! I wish I could find anything half so nice for myself and the children. They show me the most awful barns of places. Well, I must be off. Good-bye, Mr. Weston; good-bye, Janey. [*Kisses her.*]

Good-bye, Allison. [*At the door.*] You don't want to rent me *this* house, do you? I'd take it in a minute.

ALLISON.

[*Laughing.*] I'm sorry. Must you *really* go?

MRS. BRADLEY.

Must. Bye-bye. I may look in on my way home this afternoon if I'm anywhere near. Don't come out.

MARGOT.

I will.

[*She and MRS. BRADLEY go out. As usual MARGOT is heard saying, "Get away, Grumpy!"*]

ALLISON.

Well now, friends, we must get to work. I warned you.

PETER.

Janey's all ready!

JANEY.

What am I to do?

ALLISON.

I think you'd better help Margot get lunch.

JANEY.

[*Disgusted.*] Is *that* what you call farm work?

ALLISON.

[*Sadly emphatic.*] It *certainly is*, Janey.

PETER.

And a very excellent work it is! I only wish Janey had had a little more experience of it!

JANEY.

And what's Mr. Weston to do?

ALLISON.

I think Peter had better cultivate the garden.

PETER.

That sounds very intellectual. What does it imply?

ALLISON.

Oh, just weeding and loosening up the ground, you know. It needs it terribly.

PETER.

Weeding? Loosening up the ground? Isn't it a little warm for that sort of work to-day?

ALLISON.

We can't wait for cold weather in July, Peter. After the rain there are heaps of weeds.

PETER.

You mean I'm to get down on my knees at my age and pull out weeds! [JANEY gloats.]

ALLISON.

No, I'll get you the Planet Junior. All you have to do is to push it down the rows.

PETER.

A Planet Junior? I've heard of hitching one's wagon to a star, but this is beyond me.

[Reënter MARGOT.

JANEY.

Margot, Mr. Weston's going to weed the garden and we've got to get lunch!

MARGOT.

I know, but there's a woman coming to wash up. Take these, Janey.

[*She takes packages from table, up R., and gives some of them to JANEY.*

ALLISON.

Open the back door, Margot, and keep this door shut. It gets the place so hot.

JANEY.

[*Wailing.*] My clothes will just wilt to rags!

[*She goes into kitchen.*

MARGOT.

[*At door.*] Watch out for lice, in the garden, won't you, Peter?

PETER.

Good God! What do you mean?

MARGOT.

Potato lice, of course. I want to know if we have any.

[*She goes.*

PETER.

[*Recovering.*] Oh! . . . What's your Gallic jail-bird doing, Allison?

ALLISON.

Jean? Oh, how can you! He's getting "red up."

PETER.

What's the matter with his attacking the garden?

ALLISON.

Oh, there's heaps for him to do. I thought you *wanted* to work, Peter. Of course, if you don't *want* to, I'll do the garden.

PETER.

No, indeed. I wouldn't have you weed the garden for worlds. I shall.

ALLISON.

Good! [*Crossing to cupboard.*] Here's a smock, Peter. Take your coat off and put it on. I'll go get the cultivator. I'm afraid it's all in pieces. I'll have to put it together for you.

[*She goes out. PETER removes coat, attempts to put on smock, hears sound of motor, looks out of window, hastily resumes coat, sits in chair and pretends to read a magazine. There is a knock at the door.*]

PETER.

Come in.

[*Enter STETSON with suspicious-looking bundle.*]

STETSON.

[*After hasty look around.*] Here you are, sir.

PETER.

Thanks, Stetson, just put it on the desk. [STET-

SON obeys.] Oh—er—put it *behind* the desk, Stetson.

STETSON.

Very good, sir. Shall I put the car up, sir?

PETER.

Yes.

STETSON.

Any further orders, sir?

PETER.

No. [STETSON *starts to go. A sudden idea overwhelms PETER as he gazes at STETSON's broad back. He speaks again.*] Oh—er—Stetson.

STETSON.

[*Stopping.*] Yes, sir?

PETER.

Just a minute, Stetson. What a strong-looking fellow you are, Stetson! I'm thinking you'll find it rather dull here. We won't do much motoring—and—er—no maids, you know!

STETSON.

I'll be busy, sir. The mud on that car alone is enough to ——

PETER.

It's hardly worth while to wash it, Stetson. It will only get worse going back. I wouldn't waste time on it.

STETSON.

[*Rather amazed.*] Very well, sir. If you say so, sir. I thought I might try some fishing, sir. The streams look pretty good about here.

PETER.

Fishing's no sport for a strong man like you, Stetson. And it's not useful. You know, Stetson, these young ladies have started this farm to help win the war, raise food and all that. Delightful idea, isn't it? I thought perhaps you might like to help them.

STETSON.

Help them?

PETER.

There's the garden, for instance. Did you ever weed a garden, Stetson? I've heard it's rather good fun. Miss Allison was just asking for some one to weed the garden. I thought you might like to volunteer.

STETSON.

Weed the garden? Me? Are you serious?

PETER.

Quite. It's only a suggestion. I'm talking to you as man to man, Stetson.

STETSON.

Then, as man to man, sir, I consider it a mighty insultin' suggestion. I'd like you to remember, sir, I'm an expert mechanic, not an agricultural laborer.

PETER.

[*Annoyed.*] It might be well for you to extend your talents a bit, Stetson. In war time, you know —

STETSON.

War or no war, I'll be hung if I make a bloomin' farmer of myself! I'd rather *enlist*.

PETER.

I wonder you didn't enlist before, Stetson.

STETSON.

Well, sir, it seemed a little beneath me, but this is a darn sight worse! I'd be glad if you'd take a week's notice and [*impertinently*] I'd like to remind you ——

PETER.

Don't bother to remind me of anything, Stetson. It's no wonder the Allies are having a hard time with lazy snobs like you cumbering the country!

STETSON.

Lazy snob! *Me*, sir? And what do you call *yourself*, sir?

PETER.

Oh, go to the Devil! I didn't engage you to be impudent!

STETSON.

Or to weed any damn garden! I suppose I may consider myself at liberty?

PETER.

You may! [*Taking out wallet.*] Here's your money. You can go at once. Thank God, I'm not dependent on a chauffeur. I can run my own car.

STETSON.

Then perhaps you'll be so good as to run me down to the station.

PETER.

[*Controlling himself.*] It'll do your manners good to walk to the station, Stetson.

STETSON.

[*Pocketing money.*] I've served you respectful for two years, sir, but I'd like to say that all that time, in the back of my head, I knew you for the fat, lazy skunk you —

PETER.

Get out! [STETSON goes. *Sound of a motor is heard.* PETER opens the door.] Here! Leave that car alone!

STETSON.

[*Off stage.*] I'll leave it alone in your garage. Don't worry, old fat-head!

[PETER rushes out. He returns in a moment, hot and exhausted. The sound of the motor dies away. PETER sinks into a chair. Enter ALLISON from terrace with the Planet Junior, which she leaves leaning against the open door.]

ALLISON.

Where's your chauffeur gone?

PETER.

[*Grimly.*] To enlist! Your farm has made one soldier already, Allison. Count that to your credit.

ALLISON.

Isn't that splendid! Are you ready, Peter?

PETER.

[*Jumping up.*] Ready? I'm eager! You don't think I'm *lazy*, do you, Allison? Bring on your planet or meteor or whatever it is! I can't wait to get at it! [*He sweeps her out onto the terrace.*

[*After a moment JEAN comes to door, R., knocks and enters. There is a striking change in his appearance. Shaved, clean, all mud gone, wearing the blue smock, JEAN appears to be a slender, very good-looking young man, with a fine, intelligent face and laughing eyes. He sees the room is empty, goes to window, shows signs of great surprise and goes out again, making signs. Presently he reënters, bringing with him a man of about thirty-four, in riding togs. The man is trying to talk and JEAN is trying to stop him.*

JEAN.

Sh! Sh! Not so loud! Not so loud!

THE MAN.

What the deuce are you doing here?

JEAN.

Sh! I implore you, sh!

THE MAN.

Where's Bob? Is he all right?

JEAN.

Mais oui! He has gone back to camp.

THE MAN.

Thank God! Maybe I haven't had the devil's own time finding you!

JEAN.

But why should you *try* to find me? I telephone ze maid you are not to trouble. To convey zat to you as soon as you come in.

THE MAN.

That wasn't the message I got. She told me you were in trouble and I was to come to you at once. But where, I didn't know! I located your telephone message in this village, galloped over, made inquiries, learned that a Frenchman answering my description might be up here, galloped on expecting to find you or Bob with a broken leg at least, and now you tell me Bob's all right, and I find you looking as fit as a fiddle—my Lord! what's that you're wearing?

JEAN.

You like it, hein? I tink it is ver' pretty.

THE MAN.

For Heaven's sake, give an account of yourself.

JEAN.

An account? Well, your charming young brozzer conduct me on a most glorious hike. Four days and nights we have of ze rain and ze mud. It remind me of La Belle France. We lose our way. We are late. When we find a station your brozzer take ze train. He ask me to tell you. I continue ze road alone.

THE MAN.

Just like Bob. Well, go on.

JEAN.

Go on? It is finished.

THE MAN.

Finished? What are you doing here?

JEAN.

I take what you call ze job.

THE MAN.

Job? What sort of a job?

JEAN.

[*Pointing to his smock.*] I work on ze farm. Can you not see?

THE MAN.

Look, old chap, what's the matter? Was the hike too much for you? You never can tell about shock. It plays the queerest pranks on a man. Now look here, Jean, try to get this thing straight —

JEAN.

Non, mon cher Truesdale, suis pas fou! It is quite true. Why should I not take ze job to work on ze farm? What was it you and ze ozzer doctors prescribe when I leave France wiz you? To live out of doors, to take ze wholesome exercise, not to tink about ze war and ze past. Well, I do it! Instead to trespass on your hospitality any longer I come here. I work. I forget ze past, I tink only of ze future, ze glorious future!

TRUESDALE.

Jean, you're cracked. A French officer doesn't take a job as a farm hand. What does an aviator know about farming anyway?

JEAN.

You forget. My fazzer has ze big estate en Bretagne. All ze money he make out of ze tin cans he spend on ze land. It is, what you call it?—his hobby. I know much. Oh, I am ver' happy here.

TRUESDALE.

My dear chap, this is ridiculous. You've overdone. You must come back with me and ——

JEAN.

Sh! Here zey come! Say nossing, and remember my name is Duval—Jean Duval.

[*Enter ALLISON from terrace.*]

ALLISON.

Jean, are you waiting for me? [*Sees TRUESDALE.*] Oh, I beg your pardon ——

JEAN.

Mademoiselle, permit me, zis is ze Dr. Truesdale. Monsieur, zis is Mees Marbrook, my new, what you call it?—employer. [*They bow.*] You know, Mademoiselle, I telephone Monsieur from zat little village where we stop. I anticipate ze need for ze documents to my character. Monsieur is so kind as to be riding near. He drop in. I live wiz Monsieur for three months. He will tell you and ze elderly gentleman all you want to know. N'est-ce-pas, Monsieur?

[*The first vision of ALLISON has enlightened TRUESDALE. He looks from her to JEAN with suppressed amusement.*

ALLISON.

I'm very glad to see you, Dr. Truesdale. We're rather distant neighbors, aren't we? Won't you sit down?

TRUESDALE.

[*Slightly embarrassed.*] I just stopped in for a moment, Miss Marbrook. If I can be of any service —

[*Enter MARGOT suddenly from kitchen. Her sleeves are rolled up and she wears an apron. The first person she catches sight of is JEAN.*

MARGOT.

Oh, Jean, how nice you look! I wouldn't have believed it possible!

ALLISON.

Margot! This is Dr. Truesdale, for whom Jean used to work. My sister, Margot, Dr. Truesdale.

MARGOT.

Oh, are you *the* Dr. Truesdale?

TRUESDALE.

Well, I —

JEAN.

[*Proud of his friend.*] He is it, Mademoiselle!

MARGOT.

Oh, I'm so glad to meet you, Dr. Truesdale. I hope you'll tell us all about your adventures!

ALLISON:

Margot, Dr. Truesdale has just stopped for a moment to tell us about Jean. We mustn't detain him.

MARGOT.

About Jean? Well, I think Jean speaks for himself now, don't you? Isn't that smock becoming! Jean, you're the first man we've ever been able to make wear it.

JEAN.

[*With a glance at* ALLISON.] Mademoiselle has made it all herself.

TRUESDALE.

I understand.

JANEY'S VOICE.

[*From kitchen.*] Margot! Do I put the tomatoes in now?

MARGOT.

[*Running to kitchen door.*] Yes, and an onion. And don't let it burn. Keep stirring it, Janey.
[*She shuts the door.*]

ALLISON.

I'm sure I don't know just what I ought to ask you about Jean.

MARGOT.

It's Peter wants to ask the questions. Where's Peter?

ALLISON.

He's weeding the garden. [*As MARGOT makes a move towards the door.*] Oh, don't call him, Margot. He's working so hard. I never saw Peter so energetic before. It's miraculous what the war spirit can do!

MARGOT.

Well then, we must ask the questions. But I think Jean ought to go out, don't you?

JEAN.

Zere is nossing zat Monsieur can tell you of me, Mademoiselle, zat I am afraid to hear.

MARGOT.

What do you think, Dr. Truesdale?

TRUESDALE.

[*Who is enjoying the situation immensely.*] Well, if Jean wants to stay and hear the worst, I say, let him. It may do him good.

MARGOT.

All right. You begin, Allison.

ALLISON.

Very well. Dr. Truesdale, I'd like to know if—[*she looks at JEAN*] if Jean—is there anything you want to know, Margot?

MARGOT.

Of course there is. I want to know if he's honest.

ALLISON.

Margot! That's insulting!

MARGOT.

Well, it's not *my* fault if he wouldn't go out. I think it's very important to know that, don't you, Dr. Truesdale?

TRUESDALE.

I certainly do. But just what do you mean by honest?

MARGOT.

Well, does he steal?

ALLISON.

Margot!!

JEAN.

Let her be, Mademoiselle, she is right.

TRUESDALE.

[*Thoughtfully.*] Mm, no, he doesn't steal. Not that I know of.

MARGOT.

Is he truthful?

ALLISON.

Oh, Margot dear!!!

TRUESDALE.

Well, I could hardly call him truthful. In fact, he lies extremely well when he wants to.

MARGOT.

There! You see?

JEAN.

Ah, Mademoiselle, you don' understand. It is because I am French. I see things perhaps a little more extravagant zan ze Dr. Truesdale. It is to zat he refers. He is so literal-minded, ze doctor, so lacking in ze imagination—zat he cannot understand——

TRUESDALE.

Oh! Thank you, Jean!

ALLISON.

Was that what you meant, Dr. Truesdale, his—er—Gallic exaggeration?

TRUESDALE.

[*Smiling.*] Well, perhaps the difference in nationality *has* something to do with it.

JEAN.

Zere! You see?

ALLISON.

I'm sure that's all we want to know, isn't it, Margot?

MARGOT.

Nonsense. Was he really in the French army, Dr. Truesdale, or was that statement a "Gallic exaggeration," as Allison calls it?

TRUESDALE.

No, that's true, I can guarantee that.

MARGOT.

And was he honorably discharged?

TRUESDALE.

He wasn't discharged at all. He's simply on leave. [*Disparagingly.*] He had a slight wound and what we call shock, about which he made a good deal of fuss, I imagine, and got off on the strength of it for six months.

ALLISON.

But he was a good soldier, wasn't he?

TRUESDALE.

[*Same tone.*] Passable, I imagine. He's got one of those little bronze crosses they make such a fuss about, somewhere on his person.

ALLISON.

[*Breathless.*] A *Croix de Guerre*?

TRUESDALE.

Eh, huh.

ALLISON.

Jean, have *you* really got a *Croix de Guerre*?

JEAN.

[*Shrugging.*] Oh, Mademoiselle, any soldier can get zat nowadays. It is nossing.

ALLISON.

Margot, now aren't you ashamed of asking all those questions?

MARGOT.

Well, I didn't know he had a *Croix de Guerre*, did I? Jean, I apologize.

JEAN.

[*Overwhelmed.*] Mais, Mademoiselle —

TRUESDALE.

Oh, there's no need to make a hero of him. You'll soon find out he's got his bad points. He's an ungrateful dog. I ran across him in a hospital in France, found he wanted a complete change—he seemed a good fellow—so I brought him over with me, gave him comfortable quarters and an easy enough life, and he left me without a minute's notice. Shabby, I call it. I don't guarantee he won't do the same to you.

MARGOT.

Well, we're used to that!

JEAN.

[*To ALLISON.*] No, no, Mademoiselle! Do not believe him. I promise, I—what you call it—swear, I never leave you unless you send me away.

JANEY'S VOICE.

[*From kitchen; desperately.*] Margot, how long must I keep on stirring?

MARGOT.

[*Running to kitchen door.*] Oh, I forgot!
[*Opens door and calls.*] Take it off now, Janey.

[*JANEY comes to door, fanning herself.*]

JANEY.

Table set? Good gracious!

ALLISON.

Janey, this is Dr. Truesdale, one of our neighbors.
[JANEY *looks vaguely from JEAN to TRUESDALE.*]
Our friend, Miss Wimpole.

TRUESDALE.

How do you do?

JANEY.

[*After waiting a second to be introduced to JEAN.*] How do you do? Have you both come for lunch?

ALLISON.

[*Breaking an awkward pause.*] This is Jean, Janey, our new man. He's here for keeps.

JEAN.

[*Bowing low, not to be outdone by TRUESDALE.*]
Enchanté, Mademoiselle.

[JANEY *looks at him wonderingly.*]

TRUESDALE.

I must be off this minute.

MARGOT.

Oh, no, please stay for lunch. We haven't heard a word about your adventures.

[JEAN *looks worried.*]

TRUESDALE.

Really, Miss Marbrook, it's awfully good of you, but I'm afraid I'm trespassing on —

[JEAN *nods approval.*]

ALLISON.

We'd love you to stay, Dr. Truesdale, if you only would.

[JEAN *shakes his head* at TRUESDALE.]

TRUESDALE.

[*Ignoring JEAN's signal.*] Well, I only put up a defense for decency. I'd be *delighted* to stay.

MARGOT.

Janey and I cooked the lunch.

TRUESDALE.

That doesn't deter me in the least. But I left my horse outside. I'll just put him up somewhere.

MARGOT.

Oh, Jean will take him to the stable. You needn't bother.

TRUESDALE.

[*Brusquely.*] Blanket him well, Jean. He's rather warm. [To MARGOT.] I beg pardon. I forget this chap's no longer in my service.

ALLISON.

And, Jean, will you ask Mr. Weston to come in from the garden?

JEAN.

[*Moving to door R.*] Oui, Mademoiselle.

TRUESDALE.

[*Grinning triumphantly.*] Tell him lunch is waiting! It smells delicious, doesn't it, Miss Marbrook?

[JEAN casts a furious glance at TRUESDALE and goes out. ALLISON watches him from window.]

MARGOT.

Now we must hurry. [*She opens door on terrace, revealing table, etc. Then she moves to cupboard.*] Janey, you get the bread and things from the kitchen. [JANEY goes.]

TRUESDALE.

What can I do?

MARGOT.

[*Taking plates and doylies from cupboard.*] Put these out on the table, will you?

ALLISON.

[*At window.*] Oh!

MARGOT.

What is it, Al?

ALLISON.

Oh, nothing. I'll go help Janey. [*She goes into kitchen.*]

TRUESDALE.

[*Returning from terrace.*] More, please.

MARGOT.

[*Giving him silver, glasses, etc.*] You're a splendid help. I'm glad the maid left.

TRUESDALE.

So am I.

[*He goes out whistling. Enter PETER very red and hot.*]

MARGOT.

Hello, Peter, lunch is ready.

PETER.

[*Sinking into chair.*] So your young Joffre on horseback told me. I don't think I care for any, thanks. It's rather warm.

[*JANEY enters from kitchen carrying tray of bread, water, etc., meets TRUESDALE coming in, who holds door open for her. They laugh greetings as they pass. JANEY sets table outside.*

MARGOT.

Peter, this is Dr. Truesdale. He's just given Jean a splendid reference. [*To TRUESDALE.*] Mr. Weston ought to be our guardian, only he isn't.

[*TRUESDALE bows.*

PETER.

[*Weakly.*] How de do? Get me an iced drink, will you, Margot?

[*MARGOT starts for kitchen. TRUESDALE stops her.*

TRUESDALE.

I'd suggest waiting for that ice, Mr. Weston. There's a nice *chaise longue* on the terrace. Come out there and let Miss Marbrook give you a cup of tea. [*Helping PETER up.*] Gardening's rather stiff work, isn't it?

PETER.

[*Jauntily, but leaning on TRUESDALE.*] Oh, no, nothing at all—when you get the hang of it.

[*He and TRUESDALE go out on the terrace.*
JANEY'S voice is heard saying, "Oh, Mr. Weston, how hot you look!" Then she comes in.

JANEY.

All ready.

[*ALLISON enters from kitchen, carrying tray of salad and cold meat.*

ALLISON.

Where's Jean?

MARGOT.

What are we to do about him?

ALLISON.

He has to have lunch too.

JANEY.

Not with us.

MARGOT.

Of course not.

JANEY.

Well, I'm not going to wait on the hired man!

ALLISON.

You don't need to, Janey. I shall.

MARGOT.

Mrs. Spencer's coming to wash up. Why can't she feed Jean?

ALLISON.

[*Indignant.*] If Jean can fight and get wounded for us, I guess I can give him his lunch without making a fuss about it!

JANEY.

In the kitchen?

ALLISON.

No, here.

MARGOT.

What's the matter with the kitchen, Allison?

ALLISON.

I'm not going to ask *any* man with a *Croix de Guerre* to eat in the kitchen! Here you take these things and go out. You two got lunch, I'm going to serve it.

[*MARGOT takes platter of meat, JANEY the bowl of salad.*]

JANEY.

[*Going towards terrace.*] We'll help.

ALLISON.

No, I hate every one jumping up. Some one's got to wait. Run along! [*JANEY and MARGOT go out on terrace. TRUESDALE is heard to say, "Did you cook the salad, Miss Wimpole?" and PETER, "Shut the door, Margot, it makes a draft." The door closes. ALLISON goes into kitchen and returns at once with covered vegetable dishes on tray. She goes out on terrace. While door is open TRUESDALE'S voice is heard saying, "And you call this a war lunch?" JEAN enters R., and stands by door.*]

ALLISON comes in from terrace, shuts door, starts to kitchen, sees JEAN looking at her. Their eyes meet for a second, then both avert their glances.] JEAN.

JEAN.

Mademoiselle.

ALLISON.

I'm going to give you luncheon here, Jean.

[*She collects magazines, etc., on console table to R. of kitchen door.*

JEAN.

Permit me, Mademoiselle.

ALLISON.

Oh, will you, Jean? Take the things off and pull the table out a bit.

[*While he obeys she goes to cupboard and returns with plate, silver, napkins, etc.*

JEAN has put magazines on other table. Only the flowers remain. ALLISON puts her load on a chair and starts to spread napkin. JEAN returns in time to lift flowers.

JEAN.

[*Moving to table down R.*] Zese, zey are enchanting! What you call zem in your tongue, Mademoiselle?

ALLISON.

Snap dragon. They are lovely. I picked them this morning.

JEAN.

[*Stopping short.*] May I put zem back?

ALLISON.

Surely.

[*He does so. Again their eyes meet for half a second.*]

MARGOT'S VOICE.

[*From terrace.*] Allison, where's the butter?

ALLISON.

Coming! Sit down, Jean.

[*She goes into kitchen. JEAN draws up chair to table, but does not sit. The table is out of the direct line of vision from terrace, and when kitchen door is open, it is practically screened. ALLISON reënters from kitchen, carrying butter and teapot on tray and goes out on terrace. We hear her say, "But Peter isn't eating!" and TRUESDALE answers, "Sh! leave him alone." Door shuts. JEAN sits down, looks towards terrace, then at flowers on his table, smiles, takes one, smells it, puts it in his pocket. ALLISON reënters, carrying JEAN'S lunch on the tray, cold meat, salad, vegetables. JEAN hurries to her.*]

JEAN.

Mademoiselle! It ees heavy!

ALLISON.

Oh, no. [*But they carry it between them and rest it on the table. ALLISON removes dishes from tray.*]

I helped you myself. I hope you don't mind. Sit down, Jean.

JEAN.

Mademoiselle, you permit? *[He sits down.]*

ALLISON.

I'll bring you your tea with dessert. Is that the way you like it?

JEAN.

Justement, Mademoiselle.

ALLISON.

Is everything all right?

JEAN.

[Looking at her.] Parfaite.

ALLISON.

[Suddenly embarrassed.] Then I'll go. *[She goes. As door opens, MARGOT is heard to say, "Come on, Allison. Vegetables getting cold." JEAN watches her with something akin to rapture. Then the sound of talk and laughter outside depresses him. He is about to eat when an idea strikes him. He rises, places a chair opposite him at table, bows an imaginary lady into it, sits down, smiles at his companion, and then begins to eat. Before using the salt, he passes it to his imaginary companion and continues the game in all its details. Listening to what she says, smiling and enjoying his lunch hugely. Presently ALLISON returns, carrying tray on which is teapot covered by cosy, cup, sugar, etc.,*

and saucer of sliced fruit. She puts tray on table and takes JEAN's plates.] Here you are, Jean. Have you had enough?

[Takes tray with soiled dishes into kitchen and returns at once.]

JEAN.

A too much, as you say, Mademoiselle.

ALLISON.

I'll pour your tea. They may want the pot again outside. [Unconsciously she sits down in the chair he has placed opposite him. A triumphant smile dawns on JEAN's face.] Sugar? [He nods.] And lemon or cream?

JEAN.

Lemon. [As ALLISON pours he adds, pensively.] What a wonderful thing is democracy, Mademoiselle.

ALLISON.

What do you mean, Jean?

JEAN.

Zere you sit, une jeune fille du monde, waiting on a poor soldier like myself. Oh, it is indeed worth fighting for—democracy!

ALLISON.

[Handing him his cup.] Were you in the cavalry, Jean?

JEAN.

Mais non, Mademoiselle. Why you ask? .

ALLISON.

You ride very well. I saw you vault on Dr. Truesdale's horse.

JEAN.

Ah, you saw zat. Mille pardons, Mademoiselle! I could not resist. It is zat I love ze horses. I tink I tol' you I was brought up in ze country—on a farm.

ALLISON.

Yes. Our farmers don't ride so well over here.

JEAN.

[*Hastily.*] In ze army I was in ze aviation, Mademoiselle—juste a mechanic, you know.

ALLISON.

A mechanic? I am sure you have flown, Jean.

JEAN.

Mademoiselle, why you say zat?

ALLISON.

I don't know. You *look* as if you had flown. It must be wonderful.

JEAN.

[*Intensely, his eyes aglow.*] It is like nossing else in ze world! It is Heaven!

[*Then suddenly he shivers.*]

ALLISON.

What is it, Jean?

JEAN.

It can be Hell, too. [*He lifts his eyes and meets hers full of sympathy.*] But no, I do not believe in ze Hell any longer.

[*TRUESDALE enters quietly from terrace and starts for kitchen. ALLISON and JEAN are screened by the open door.*

TRUESDALE.

[*Speaking to kitchen.*] Miss Marbrook, they're clamoring for tea. [*He then perceives the two at the table.*] Oh!

ALLISON.

[*Jumping up.*] I was just bringing it.

[*She takes the teapot and goes out, leaving the door open.*

MARGOT'S VOICE.

[*Outside.*] Sh! Peter's asleep!

JEAN.

[*Low to TRUESDALE.*] You were right, Monsieur, ze lunch was as delicious as it smelt.

[*JANEY enters, carrying a teacup from which she is still drinking, and eating cake.*

JANEY.

[*Low.*] Allison says we're to come in here and let Mr. Weston sleep.

[*MARGOT enters, carrying a tray of dishes.*

MARGOT.

Sh! we mustn't wake Peter! He's awfully tired.

[*She starts for kitchen. JEAN relieves her of*

tray and goes into kitchen with it. MARGOT returns on tiptoe to terrace. ALLISON enters on tiptoe from terrace, carrying tray.

ALLISON.

[*In whisper.*] Mrs. Spencer's coming to wash up. [She goes into kitchen.]

TRUESDALE.

[*At window, R., low.*] Here's a motor driving up.

JANEY.

[*Still eating, joins him at window.*] Two men in it!

[MARGOT has reëntered with hands full of dishes. She tiptoes to window and then, oblivious of the sleeping PETER, lets out a wild yell.]

MARGOT.

Oh!!! It's Stephen! Allison, here's Stephen!

[She puts her dishes on table and rushes out R. ALLISON runs in from kitchen.]

ALLISON.

Where's Stephen?

JANEY.

Out there! And Roy Parcher!

[ALLISON rushes out. JANEY takes her cup and the dishes MARGOT has left into the kitchen. PETER appears somewhat disheveled at the terrace door.]

PETER.

[*Sleepily.*] What in thunder is the row?

TRUESDALE.

A gentleman called Stephen seems to be arriving.

PETER.

Not really!

[*He hurriedly crosses to window up R.*
JANEY joins him from kitchen. JEAN appears in kitchen door.

JEAN.

[*To TRUESDALE, who stands by terrace door.*]
But who is Stephen? [TRUESDALE shrugs.
[STEPHEN MARBROOK enters R., completely surrounded by sisters. Being a MARBROOK, he is, of course, good-looking. He is about twenty-nine and wears the uniform of a captain in the artillery.

ALLISON AND MARGOT.

[*Together*]. Stephen, how did you get here?—
Why didn't you let us know?—Oh, it's so good to see you, etc.

STEPHEN.

[*At last permitted to speak.*] Didn't know myself. Got leave unexpectedly. Hello, Janey! How are you, Mr. Weston? [Looks at TRUESDALE.

ALLISON.

Dr. Truesdale, my brother Stephen.

[JEAN disappears discreetly into kitchen.
ROY enters and stands unnoticed at door.

STEPHEN.

Glad to know you, sir. [They shake hands.

JANEY.

Here's Mr. Parcher, Allison.

ALLISON.

Hello again, Roy. It's awfully nice to see you. How did you and Stephen happen to come together?

ROY.

Pure luck. We met on the train. I offered to run him out. How are you, Allison? Mr. Weston! Well, Miss Wimpole, this is great! I didn't expect to see *you* again so soon.

JANEY.

Neither did I. How did you get leave?

ROY.

I didn't. I came up to West Point on business as aide to General Glynn. I'm just off for the day.

JANEY.

[*Rather taking possession of him.*] Dr. Truesdale—Mr. Parcher. [They shake hands.]

MARGOT.

Well, Janey, we've enough men *now*, haven't we? We'll have a real Fourth of July house party!

STEPHEN.

Nothing doing. I have thirty-six hours' leave, and I've consumed nineteen of it already getting here. The train service is a mess. [*Consulting wrist watch.*] I've got to get the six o'clock back from New York. That means I've three-quarters of an hour at the most to stay.

MARGOT.

Good gracious, why did you come at all!

STEPHEN.

Well, I wanted a glimpse of you and the place, and I wanted particularly to talk to Allison.

ALLISON.

To me, Stephen dear? [*He nods.*]

JANEY.

Well, then, we'll vamoose!

PETER.

I think *I* shall go to my room and get a little nap.

[He quietly secures his bottle and goes upstairs.]

MARGOT.

[Coming to STEPHEN.] Am I *de trop* too, Stephen?

STEPHEN.

[Putting an arm about her.] Just a few minutes. Do you mind, Kitten?

MARGOT.

No. Come on, we'll all go for a walk.

TRUESDALE.

I think I must say good-bye, Miss Marbrook.

JANEY.

No, you can't. We need you for a fourth. Come on, Roy. Margot'll show us over the place.

MARGOT.

[To TRUESDALE.] Yes—do come. I'll take you down by the tenant house and round the lake.

[*She gets her hat.*]

ROY.

See you later, Allison.

JANEY.

[*As they go out.*] That was a slip I just made. I didn't mean to call you Roy, of course!

ROY.

Why not?

[*They disappear.*]

MARGOT.

Ready, Dr. Truesdale? Au 'voir, mes enfants.

[*They go out. STEPHEN has been silently looking around him. ALLISON watches him apprehensively. As soon as they are alone she speaks.*]

ALLISON.

Stephen dear, what is it? Anything serious?

STEPHEN.

Yes, Allison, I'm afraid it is.

ALLISON.

Is it about you? Are you going over?

STEPHEN.

No, it's about you.

ALLISON.

Me?

STEPHEN.

You—and this farm.

ALLISON.

What do you mean?

[She sits down. He leans against table near her.]

STEPHEN.

Allison, you wrote me when you took this farm that you wanted to raise food and economize. I didn't object. I rather liked the idea. I hated to think of you two girls sitting idle in New York at this particular time. But last week I got our quarterly statement from the bank. Did you get yours?

ALLISON.

[Looking apprehensively towards the desk.] I think so, Stephen. I haven't opened it yet.

STEPHEN.

Then you don't know that your four months of economy have cost you nineteen thousand dollars.

ALLISON.

Stephen! Not really!

STEPHEN.

[Taking paper out of his wallet.] Here are the figures. I wish you'd explain them to me. I don't suppose you kept any accounts.

ALLISON.

I tried to at first. But there was so much to do and they were so confusing! It always came out

that we had spent more than we had, which, of course, was absurd. How could we spend it when we didn't have it?

STEPHEN.

Very easily. It's often done.

[*He hands her the sheet of figures.*]

ALLISON.

[*Taking it gingerly.*] I can't understand. The farm seemed to me so cheap. All this land and the house and barns for six thousand dollars. And Cousin Alice pays eight thousand *rent* for her little apartment!

STEPHEN.

In New York. On Madison Avenue. But I'm not complaining about that. It seems to me reasonable enough. The question is what have you done with the rest?

ALLISON.

I don't know. We got *only* necessities.

STEPHEN.

H'm! Suppose you let me see your check book, Allison. Do you mind?

ALLISON.

Of course not.

[*She gets the incriminating book from the desk. STEPHEN sits at table, she stands beside him. Later sits on arm of his chair.*]

STEPHEN.

[*Reading.*] "Francoise, hats, Pendle, groceries,"—we'll skip the small ones. Here we are, "David

Stanhope"—the architect? [ALLISON nods.]
Twelve hundred dollars?

ALLISON.

Mm-mm. There are a couple of others too.

STEPHEN.

To him? Oh, yes . . . David Stanhope, nine hundred . . . David Stanhope, eighteen hundred . . . Twelve hundred, nine hundred, eighteen hundred, that's thirty-eight hundred dollars!!

ALLISON.

Really? [*Admiringly.*] How quickly you add, Stephen!

STEPHEN.

[*Sternly.*] What's that for, Allison?

ALLISON.

Everything! You should have *seen* this place at first. It was simply impossible.

STEPHEN.

No wonder it was cheap. What are all these checks to Brinton and Co.? One hundred . . . one hundred and eighty . . . two hundred and twelve.

[*He makes a list of numbers on a piece of paper.*]

ALLISON.

Oh, that was Margot . . . for agricultural implements. When she came back from Cornell she said there was no use beginning unless we began *right*, with a proper equipment. She seemed so in-

telligent about it I didn't interfere. It's wonderful how much Margot learned in six weeks. And they didn't charge her any tuition. She got it all free!

STEPHEN.

[*Still figuring.*] Free perhaps, but not cheap at the price. Judging from this, Margot's agricultural education cost you in the neighborhood of two thousand dollars. What's this Davis and Co. fifteen hundred?

ALLISON.

Oh, that was for the motor. We couldn't use the town car out here, and we *had* to have a motor.

STEPHEN.

Why not a horse?

ALLISON.

We're so far *from* anywhere it takes *hours* to drive. We got the car second-hand. It really was a great bargain for a Pierce-Arrow.

STEPHEN.

You might have got a Ford a little cheaper.

ALLISON.

But neither Margot nor I can run a Ford, and, of course, we weren't going to keep a chauffeur.

STEPHEN.

I see. What's this James Barney, seventeen hundred and twelve?

ALLISON.

Oh, that *was* an unexpected expense. That was for the artesian well. But we couldn't help that.

We found the water wasn't *drinkable*, so they *had* to bore.

STEPHEN.

[*Really annoyed.*] Why didn't you know about the water before you bought the place?

ALLISON.

But how *should* we have known? Even the former owner didn't know!

STEPHEN.

[*Ironical.*] Oh, didn't he! Perhaps he just neglected to mention it.

ALLISON.

Oh, Stephen, of course he wouldn't have neglected anything so important. He was a nice old man. Do you realize you are suggesting he wanted deliberately to poison us!

STEPHEN.

Well, I feel rather like poisoning *him*, so I don't see why he should have been above a similar impulse!

ALLISON.

Of course, we could have bought bottled water, but in the long run that would have been just as expensive.

STEPHEN.

It takes a pretty long run to consume seventeen hundred dollars' worth of bottled water. But never mind. The well's in now. There's no use fussing any more over the details. Do you realize, Allison,

you've been living at the rate of sixty thousand a year? You've used up all your income and all of Margot's, and as we can't touch our principal till Margot comes of age, which is two years off, you've already drawn two thousand dollars of mine. The upshot of it all is you've got to stop this crazy farm scheme and come home.

ALLISON.

Home? Where? To New York in July? And the house is rented. Where would we go?

STEPHEN.

Go? Anywhere. To a hotel. The bridal suite at the Ritz would be cheap compared to this. But you can visit. Cousin Alice would be delighted to have you at Bar—there are a dozen places——

ALLISON.

No, Stephen, I can't do that. I couldn't bear to visit now. We've got to stay on the farm. [STEPHEN *makes a movement.*] But don't you see, we've bought everything now. All that was initial expense. Now we can be really economical. [STEPHEN *laughs.*] No, no, I *mean* it. The maids have gone, well, we won't get any more. We'll do our own work. There, do you believe me now?

STEPHEN.

Don't be absurd, Allison. You can't do without servants, and you and Margot can't live here in the country alone.

ALLISON.

We'll have neighbors, nice farm people, and we'll have—a—a—hired man—perhaps——

STEPHEN.

Worse and worse. [*He crosses.*] It's no use, Allison. The money's gone and I'm thankful it's not more. You shut up the place. Perhaps we can even sell it or rent it, and you and Margot come back to civilization. [*He looks at his watch.*] Say you will, Allison, and let me go with a free mind.

[ALLISON, *though sitting still, is not taking it as lightly as* STEPHEN. *She is a prey to very real emotion.*

ALLISON.

[*After a pause, low.*] No, Stephen, I can't do that. I *can't*. You don't understand. I realize I've been a fool, a silly, extravagant little fool. I didn't know anything about money. How should I? Whenever I've wanted anything I've just gone and got it and had it charged. But, Stephen, I *was* serious about this, even if I did go about it so crazily. I wanted to do something *real*, and do it *myself* to help in the war.

STEPHEN.

I'm sorry, Al dear, but don't you see economy was what would help in the war, and you haven't been very economical, have you?

ALLISON.

But going away now won't help that, Stephen. The money's gone and visiting Cousin Alice won't bring it back. Oh, it would be *too* humiliating to have to go now! And I love the place, Stephen. You've no idea how hard I've worked over it. I *can't* go. I'm sorry, Stephen, but [*softly*] I, I *won't* go.

STEPHEN.

Al, I've only a few minutes. You mustn't be stubborn. I've thought this all out and you must take my word for it. Please say you'll give this up without my forcing you to it.

ALLISON.

Forcing me?

STEPHEN.

Well, I can, you know. After all, you haven't any money, not a cent, and I *can* refuse to let you go on drawing on my account.

[Pause. Then ALLISON speaks softly.]

ALLISON.

How much of your money have I used, Stephen?

STEPHEN.

Oh, nothing much now. I counted the rent of the town house all yours, because you were living in it. A few hundred dollars perhaps.

ALLISON.

Exactly, Stephen.

STEPHEN.

[Referring to the bank statement and making a calculation.] Exactly four hundred and thirty dollars. Of course it's nothing and I can easily manage to tide you and Margot over the year, unless you force me to —

ALLISON.

[Coming close to him.] To refuse? *[She puts her hands on his shoulders.]* You couldn't do that,

Stephen. You may *think* you could, but you couldn't. I know my Stephen. [*She kisses him.*] But don't worry. I'm not going to force you. [*He brightens.*] And I'm not going to take any more of your money.

STEPHEN.

What do you mean?

ALLISON.

It's not for *your* sake, Stephen, because in your heart you're *just* as *anxious* to help me as *you can be*. I know, because I know how *I'd* feel if *you* were in difficulties. But I'm not going to let you help me, Stephen, for my own sake. Don't you see, for the first time in my life I've tried to do something real and I've made a mess of it! I'll never get back my self-respect unless I try to pull out of it somehow by myself. I'm going to stay on here, Stephen, at the farm.

STEPHEN.

Without money? You can't. What's your plan—to borrow from Dorothea? She's given everything *she* has to that French hospital.

ALLISON.

I'm not going to borrow from any one. Haven't I told you?

STEPHEN.

But what —

ALLISON.

Oh, I'll manage. Don't you worry.

STEPHEN.

Allison, what in the world ——

ALLISON.

Sh!

[*Enter JANEY, ROY, MARGOT and TRUESDALE, R., and with them MRS. BRADLEY.*

JANEY.

Are we butting in? Here's Rose back again.

MRS. BRADLEY.

Hello, Allison. [*Formally.*] How do you do, Captain? [*Then, laughing.*] How are you, Stephen?
[*They shake hands.*

ROY.

If you want to get to Gotham by six, we'll have to crank up, Steve.

MARGOT.

Oh, what a shame!

JANEY.

Disgusting! Must *you* go too, Roy? Why can't Rose take Stephen back?

MRS. BRADLEY.

You forget, Janey, I'm not going near New York. [*To STEPHEN.*] We're at the sea, a wretched place! It doesn't agree with the children, but I guess we'll stay there, judging by the houses I've seen to-day.

ALLISON.

Mrs. Bradley, do you still want to rent this house?

MRS. BRADLEY.

Indeed I do! I've been walking around with Margot and I like it better than ever.

ALLISON.

Well, you can have it! [Sensation.

MARGOT.

Allison!

MRS. BRADLEY.

You're not serious?

ALLISON.

Perfectly.

MRS. BRADLEY.

You're willing to give it up?

ALLISON.

I have to. It's too expensive.

STEPHEN.

[*Going to her.*] Good for you, Allison. You're a brick! I know what it cost you to give in. But I'll go now with a peaceful mind.

ALLISON.

Will you, Stephen? That's good.

[*She kisses him.*

JANEY.

Oh, Margot, now you can come visit me! We're going to cruise and put in at all the naval stations.

MARGOT.

That's so, I can. Hurrah!

STEPHEN.

We must be off. Come on, every one.

[*He goes out jubilant.* MARGOT, TRUESDALE
and MRS. BRADLEY with him. JANEY stops
at door.

ROY.

[*A little awkwardly.*] I say, Allison, I haven't
seen much of you this trip.

ALLISON.

No, we'll do better next time.

JANEY.

[*At door.*] They're calling you, Roy.
[*She goes out.*

ROY.

Coming, Al?

ALLISON.

In just a minute.

[ROY goes. ALLISON stands a second alone
on the stage, her hands pressed together.
MARGOT runs in.

MARGOT.

Stephen left his coat. [*She picks it up.*] Allison, what does it mean? Why have you decided to rent the farm?

ALLISON.

I haven't.

MARGOT.

You haven't?

ALLISON.

Not the *farm*, just the house. I'm going to keep the farm and run it.

MARGOT.

But where will you *live*?

ALLISON.

In the tenant house.

MARGOT.

In that hole? What are you thinking of! *I'll* never live there, I promise you!

ALLISON.

I shan't expect you to, Margot. You don't understand. I've been very foolish and extravagant. I've spent all my money and yours too. Stephen wants me to give up the farm entirely, but I simply can't. With the rent Mrs. Bradley will give us I can scrape along and pay expenses, and when things come ripe, they ought to bring in a little money. Oh, Margot, if I could only earn four hundred and thirty dollars! But it's not your responsibility, Margot. You must go visit Janey. I want you to. It's only fair. Stephen will lend you enough for frocks and things and when you come

of age and we can touch our capital, I'll pay all this back to you.

MARGOT.

And what will you do now, live all alone in the tenant house?

ALLISON.

Oh, I'll have Grumpy and I'll get some country woman to come and help with the work—not a real servant, you know.

MARGOT.

It's preposterous!

ALLISON.

[*Humbly.*] Perhaps it is, Margot, but I can't help it.

MARGOT.

I give you up! . . . Well, when do we move into the hole?

ALLISON.

We?

MARGOT.

If *you* stay, *I* stay.

ALLISON.

Margot—you mean it?

MARGOT.

It's my farm just as much as it is yours, Allison. Think I'd go back on you for Janey, or all the naval stations in the world!

ALLISON.

Margot!

[She kisses her. The comedy draws perilously near emotional drama at this moment. TRUESDALE appears at door R.]

TRUESDALE.

They're waiting for you, ladies. The army is on the verge of departure.

ALLISON.

We're coming.

[They hurry out, carrying STEPHEN'S coat. TRUESDALE comes into the room. JEAN enters cautiously from terrace. The sound of many voices can be heard softly from outside.]

JEAN.

Have zey gone?

TRUESDALE.

Going. Sorry for you, old chap. It's all over, isn't it?

JEAN.

What iz all over?

TRUESDALE.

Love's young dream.

JEAN.

What you mean?

TRUESDALE.

Don't you know? She's engaged.

JEAN.

Who's engaged?

TRUESDALE.

Miss Allison—to the young lieutenant!

JEAN.

Mees Allison, to zat popinjay? Impossible!

TRUESDALE.

It's true. The sister told me.

JEAN.

[Looking out of open door.] I don' believe you,
I don' believe you.

TRUESDALE.

[Looking out of window.] Well, watch them say
good-bye. That's a sure sign. There, she's saying
good-bye now.

JEAN.

[Intent.] To her brozzer!

TRUESDALE.

That was warm enough certainly. Here comes
your young popinjay. *Now* see if I'm right!

JEAN.

Oh, ciel!

*[A moment of intense silence follows, both
men looking fixedly at the group out-
side. Then they relax. A satisfied smile
spreads slowly over JEAN'S features.
TRUESDALE scratches his head, thought-
fully.]*

TRUESDALE.

Well, you know the Anglo-Saxons are a very restrained people!

[JEAN *does not answer. He turns away with an omniscient shrug, and proceeds to light a cigarette as the*

CURTAIN FALLS

ACT III

The scene represents the kitchen of the Tenant House, a low studded room with nondescript plaster walls. The back wall, moving from R. to L., is broken by the door to the wood-shed, the sink, set in the wall, a good-sized stove, and a door leading into the pantry. In the centre of the left wall are two windows, and nearer the audience, the entrance door. Beneath the windows is a low, covered water-box, up beyond it a table on which stands a telephone and a simple tea-tray. There are two doors in the right wall leading to the two bedrooms and between them an old but businesslike roll-top desk and a small tool chest. Above the desk hangs a bright Liberty Loan poster. Several other war posters relieve the dullness of the walls. The windows are curtained in bright, cheap material. A large table stands just R. of center stage. Several straight chairs and one easy chair, all rather shabby, complete the furniture. Between the windows above the water-box hangs a tin dipper. When the-door to wood-shed is open, stacked wood, and a five gallon can of kerosene on a wooden box can be seen. Through the pantry door one sees shelves, the lower one laden with dishes, the upper stocked with jellies and canned goods. The time is about half-past four of an afternoon in late September.

When the curtain rises MRS. PRAY, a fat little woman in the early thirties, is discovered at the stove, stirring a mixture in a large preserving kettle. A covered canner is also on the stove. MRS. SPENCER, a tall, gaunt, angular woman around fifty, stands at the table pouring liquid from another preserving kettle into cartons and glasses which are spread out on trays before her. ALLISON is sitting L. of table, putting covers on cartons and pasting labels on cartons and glasses. She wears a short print dress and a pink housekeeper's apron. Her sleeves are rolled up.

MRS. SPENCER.

[Finishing one tray and starting another. She has a high, nasal voice, talks rapidly and in one key.] There! that's five dozen mint and three geranium! Guess we'll do full ten to-day.

[ALLISON rises, takes saucepan of hot paraffin from stove and pours it on glasses.]

MRS. PRAY.

And seven yesterday, that's seventeen. How much more do you reckon we'll make?

[She takes a finished tray from table into pantry and returns to stove. All are working quickly and without fuss.]

ALLISON.

It all depends on how many orders we get. The jellies aren't going so well, Mrs. Pray, as the vegetables and fruit. Every one seems to put up their own jellies.

MRS. SPENCER.

I reckon no one's puttin' up better mint jelly than this.

MRS. PRAY.

You wuz discouraged about the vegetables too, Miss Marbrook, until you took that trip round in the Ford and saw the grocers personal —

MRS. SPENCER.

Surprisin' how business lep up after you saw the grocers personal!

ALLISON.

I was dreadfully frightened on that trip! Margot and I used to sit outside for ages getting up courage to go into the shops, but I must say every one was awfully nice to us.

MRS. SPENCER.

I reckon mos' everybody's kind o' nice to you, Miss Marbrook. It's along o' the way you hev' with them. I allus says, kindness gits as kindness gives! Take the way you started this Liberty Loan Club now.—I'll take the Chili sauce now, Mis' Pray, if you're ready. [MRS. PRAY *hands her the second kettle, takes the empty one to sink, fills it with water, replaces it on stove, then helps ALLISON at table. MRS. SPENCER dips Chili sauce into cartons with measuring cup.*] You ain't the fust city lady as has talked this war to me. There's been plenty druv up in their own autymobiles preachin' economy. Economy! to Liza Spencer, who's raised seven and buried five on thirty-two acres. I has my own notion of them folks, and I

will admit, Miss Marbrook, I wuz right sceptical that fust day you come round to watch my cannin'! But land's sake! a less assumin' bit than you wuz never cum out of New York City!

ALLISON.

[*Laughing.*] But I didn't *know* anything, Mrs. Spencer. How *could* I be assuming?

MRS. SPENCER.

My goodness, that's no test! Think these fine ladies with their silk stockings and chauffeurs know anythin' about economy, yet they can talk to me who never wasted a pea pod as glib as ——

ALLISON.

Oh, don't, Mrs. Spencer! I used to be just as bad as that myself.

MRS. PRAY.

[*About to carry off another tray.*] Well, I says, I don't care if we never sell another jar of pickles or jelly again. It's been a real Godsend this 'ere Liberty Loan Club. The lonesomeness of this place was getting on my nerves. You know I used to live up to Canaan before I was married and there wuz a right lot of things goin' on up there. Seemed to me I never *could* get used to bein' so far from folks. This cannin' all together has been more like parties to me than anythin' I knowed since I wuz a girl.

ALLISON.

It *has* been fun, hasn't it?

MRS. SPENCER.

You should hev seen his face when I laid out that fifty-dollar bond on the breakfast table. "Who died, Liza," he says, "an' lef' you a fortune?" "No one died," sez I. "I earned that cannin' down to Miss Marbrook's; we all got one." Well, he was that tickled! "Guess I can quit farmin' now," he says, an' he chuckled till he choked over his pie.

ALLISON.

We ought to have more bonds soon if only we can get the jellies to sell. We've heaps of apples in our orchard.

MRS. PRAY.

Perkins' man from Springfield been round to-day lookin' for apples. My cousin Hetty Richards 'phoned he was down to their place.

ALLISON.

Oh, our apples aren't good enough to sell. But they're fine for jelly.

MRS. SPENCER.

Well, what we don't sell we kin use up ourselves. I reckon you'll be gettin' married soon, Miss Marbrook, and young fellers kin always get away with a pile o' sweets.

ALLISON.

Married?

MRS. PRAY.

[*Coyly.*] Miss Margot told us about your fiancée, the young lieutenant.

ALLISON.

Oh, did she? But *we're* not going to be married soon. Mr. Parcher's going to war.

MRS. SPENCER.

I know my opinion ain't been asked, but I says, if they're goin' over, marry 'em fust. No tellin' whether you'll get the chance later. Men folks is onsartin at the best and in war time—well, comin' from New England where men is scarce, I allus says, a bird in the hand is worth ——

MRS. PRAY.

[*Interrupting.*] 'Tain't as if you couldn't afford to bring up a baby *decent*. Now with Sally Budd's girl down to the cross roads, it's diff'runt. They ain't neither of them got a cent. But from what Miss Margot said about *your* young man ——

ALLISON.

[*Painfully embarrassed.*] Really, Mrs. Pray, we don't —— [*With tremendous relief.*] Oh, here's Margot! She's frightfully late.

[*Enter MARGOT, L., carrying several packages. Her hands and face are besmirched with grease and soot. She wears khaki breaches, brown shoes and puttees that show hard usage, a loose sleeveless leather vest, with big pockets, and a white shirt, open at the throat, and with the sleeves rolled up. The latent tomboy in MARGOT has come to the fore. She rejoices in her masculine attire and occupation, and plays her rôle with something of a swagger and a good deal of recently acquired slang.*

MARGOT.

[*Putting packages on water-box.*] Hello! Here's the grub. Afternoon, Mis' Spencer, afternoon, Mis' Pray. [They return the greeting.]

ALLISON.

Good gracious, Margot! What is the matter?

MARGOT.

Carbon in the carbureter! Just managed to get home. Going to blow kerosene through it.

ALLISON.

Can't Jean help you?

MARGOT.

Oh, Jean's out with the men threshing. I'm not going to disturb him. I'll have it fixed in time to take the men to the trolley.

[*She crosses to wood-shed.*]

ALLISON.

Hadn't you better wash your face before you go out again, Margot?

MARGOT.

Oh, all right—though it's not much use unless I wear a gas mask!

[*She goes into bedroom up R., leaving door ajar.*]

MRS. PRAY.

Where's that purty white dog o' yourn to-day, Miss Margot?

MARGOT.

[*Coming to door, wash rag in hand.*] Mrs. Pray, don't mention Grumpy! He's in disgrace. He killed a skunk last night and left it on the door-step.

[*She disappears into bedroom, scrubbing vigorously, and shuts the door.*]

MRS. SPENCER.

Well, now, I thought I noticed somethin' as I cum in!

[*Enter JEAN, L. He wears corduroy trousers, high boots, and a flannel shirt open at the throat and with sleeves rolled up. No hat. He is bronzed and handsome.*]

JEAN.

[*Bowing to all three.*] Pardon, Mesdames, I have come for some tools.

ALLISON.

Is anything the matter, Jean?

JEAN.

Nossing important, Mademoiselle. Ze engine is a li'l' fatigue. But we get on ver' well. [*He crosses to box in front of desk and takes out saw and brace.*] How go ze confitures? Zey smell delicious.

MRS. SPENCER.

That's the rose geranium. Don't you want to try some, Mister Dooval?

JEAN.

I should like it above all t'ings, Madame.

MRS. PRAY.

[*Hastily.*] Here's some on this saucer, Mister Dooval. [*She brings saucer and spoon.*]

JEAN.

You are too kind, Madame! [*He tastes.*] But it is delicious! Epatant! It does you all proud! And zey say ze French women can cook! Bah! [*He takes another spoonful. The two women are delighted.*] A thousand thanks, Madame!

[*He hands back the saucer and is starting for the door, L., when MARGOT appears at bedroom door, R.*]

MARGOT.

Oh, Jean! I stopped at Dr. Truesdale's on the way home. He gave me some letters for you. Here they are.

[*She crosses to him, taking large envelope out of her pocket.*]

JEAN.

Merci, Mademoiselle.

[*Going again.*]

MARGOT.

And there's a cable in there too. Dr. Truesdale was just going to 'phone you when I came in.

ALLISON.

[*Startled; rises.*] A cable?

JEAN.

Oh, thank you, Mademoiselle. I will open it at once. [*He turns at door.*] Au 'voir, Madame, Madame.

[With a little bow to each of the visiting ladies, he goes out. As he passes the windows he is seen opening the envelope of letters.]

ALLISON.

A cable! What can it be?

MARGOT.

That's what I'm wondering. You know his leave must be up soon now. I've counted it out. We'll have to learn to do without him.

ALLISON.

[Slowly.] Do without Jean . . .

[She goes to door and stands looking out. MARGOT goes into wood-shed, and can be seen filling small can from big can of kerosene.]

MRS. SPENCER.

Ain't he the comical feller though, with all his fine manners!

MRS. PRAY.

[Wistfully.] I like 'em. I wish we had a little more of 'em in these parts.

MRS. SPENCER.

Huh! Can't you jes' see Amos Spencer gittin' up in his stockin' feet an' makin' me a bow every time I hands him the *Milford Chronicle*! Still, it ain't as if this Mister Dooval was a sissy. He says, Amos I mean, that your Mister Dooval gets more work out of the hayin' an' threshin' men than any one in four counties—an' he only a Frenchy!

ALLISON.

[*Turning.*] Oh, you mustn't talk like that about the French, Mrs. Spencer!

MRS. SPENCER.

[*Who has been washing dishes, etc., at sink.*] Well, I know, but it's kind o' hard to think o' those little foreign fellers amountin' to so much, ain't it?
[*Telephone rings.*]

MRS. PRAY.

I'm up, I'll go. [*She takes up 'phone.*] Hello . . . yes . . . Oh, Mis' Spencer, it's your girl, Tabitha.

MRS. SPENCER.

[*Busy at sink.*] Well, what does she want?

MRS. PRAY.

Your ma says what is it you want? . . . Oh . . . Mis' Spencer, she says you fergot your teeth. Shall she fetch 'em down?

MRS. SPENCER.

Now what ails the girl! Tell her I don't need my teeth to taste Chili sauce with.

MRS. PRAY.

[*Into 'phone.*] Your ma says she don't need 'em, Tabitha. [She rings off.]

MRS. SPENCER.

[*A little annoyed.*] I left 'em home a' purpose. They're a new set an' I don't like to wear 'em out on talkin'! There, I reckon this kettle is clean.

I'd leave the other scaldin' till morning if I wuz you, Miss Marbrook.

[By this time the glasses, etc., are all covered and labelled and MRS. PRAY and ALLISON have carried them to the pantry. MRS. SPENCER has washed up all the used dishes and utensils. MARGOT rcënters from the wood-shed, carrying gallon can of kerosene, to find JANEY standing in doorway L. JANEY wears a charming frock and hat and carries a frivolous parasol.]

MARGOT.

Hello! Where did you come from?

ALLISON.

Janey!

JANEY.

I came down from Lenox this afternoon. I've been staying with the Waltons. I'm going to spend the week-end with sister. She's having company.

MARGOT.

Who?

JANEY.

I'm not to tell you. It's a *surprise*.

ALLISON.

Mrs. Spencer, this is our friend Miss Wimpole. Mrs. Pray, Miss Wimpole.

JANEY.

How de do?

MRS. SPENCER.

Pleased to meet you. Kind o' warm for September, ain't it?

[MRS. PRAY bows and murmurs "How de do."]

JANEY.

There's a most frightful smell outside, Allison. I can't imagine what ——

MARGOT.

[*Whose scorn for JANEY'S idle and luxurious appearance is boundless.*] You haven't got much imagination, then. It's a skunk. [*At JANEY'S horror-struck start, she adds sweetly.*] A pet one.

MRS. SPENCER.

[*Taking off her apron.*] Guess we'll be gettin' on now, Miss Marbrook.

ALLISON.

Won't you stay and have tea? [*Glancing at tray.*] It's all ready.

MRS. SPENCER.

[*With native tact.*] Not to-day, thanks. Tomorrow bein' Fair day and we goin' off early, I've got a bit of extry bakin' to do.

MRS. PRAY.

So've I.

[*They get their hats from ALLISON'S bedroom, down R. ALLISON goes into pantry.*]

JANEY.

[*Sitting. To MARGOT.*] What are you going to do with that?

MARGOT.

Blow the carbon out of the Ford. [*With a significant glance at her frock.*] You can come help.

[ALLISON reënters with plate on which is something covered with oiled paper, and meets the women coming out of the bedroom.]

ALLISON.

Here are some little pats of sweet butter for the children, Mrs. Pray. I made some for Mrs. Bradley's youngsters and they loved them.

MRS. PRAY.

Oh, Miss Marbrook!

[*She lifts paper.*]

MRS. SPENCER.

Well, now, ain't those cute? Where'd you get the fancy moulds?

ALLISON.

Mr. Duval whittled them for me. Would you like to have some, Mrs. Spencer? I've more down cellar. I'll get them for you. [*She goes out.*]

MARGOT.

[*Coming forward.*] Oh, Mrs. Pray, you must bring the children up soon. Our pigs had kittens yesterday. [*They laugh.*] Oh, you know what I mean—and they're awfully cunning.

[*The two women go out laughing.*]

JANEY.

Well, you certainly look busy. What have you been doing with those women?

MARGOT.

Jelly. That's Allison's Liberty Loan Club. They can twice a week and sell the stuff all around. See the label. [*She gets a carton from table up L.*] Allison designed it.

JANEY.

[*Reading.*] "Liberty Loan Brand, put up by the Housewives' Association of East Corners, Connecticut." Why, I saw a jar with that label at the Waltons'. Isn't that surprising?

MARGOT.

Not very. We got the social register and wrote letters to every likely person within a hundred miles, it seems to me. And we called personally on the grocers. In business, Janey, there's nothing so important as *personality*. Allison's personality is our most valuable business asset. Mine's too blunt. But I'm learning.

JANEY.

Good gracious, Margot, do you like doing all these things?

MARGOT.

Like it? I love it. Never had such a great summer in my life!

JANEY.

But sister says there aren't any men here except that Dr. Truesdale.

MARGOT.

Did she tell you what he's doing—turning his big house into a hospital? It's to be for cases of

shock—that's his specialty, you know, and he's to be in charge. Isn't it splendid!

JANEY.

[*Styly.*] Oh, that's the way the wind blows!

MARGOT.

Nonsense. I'm not a bit interested in that sort of mush any more, Janey. I believe in the economic independence of women. This war is going to make a great difference in our position, Dr. Truesdale says, and thank goodness I know it in time to take advantage of it! Dr. Truesdale and I are awfully good pals, and I'm going to help him with the hospital and all that. But nothing squashy.

JANEY.

Goodness, Margot, you've changed! [*Reënter ALLISON.*] Oh, Allison, Rose sent me for some vegetables and she wants you and Margot to come to dinner to-night to meet—I'm not to tell who!

MARGOT.

Drat it, will we have to dress?

ALLISON.

Of course, Margot, and it will do *you* good. What sort of vegetables, Janey? It's late, you know; we've only corn and beets and tomatoes. [*She gets basket.*] We'll go out and you can choose for yourself.

MARGOT.

[*Taking basket.*] I'll do it. Come on, Janey.

[*She swings out, basket in one hand, oil can in the other.*]

JANEY.

[*At door.*] Allison, have you heard from Roy lately?

ALLISON.

Not since he was transferred to Camp Upton. Why?

JANEY.

Oh, nothing special. I just asked.

ALLISON.

Good gracious, it's Friday and Tuesday was my letter day! I'll write a line now and Margot can take it down when she goes. See you later, Janey.

[*Exit* JANEY. ALLISON *straightens kitchen table, goes to pantry door, is seen to be counting something, goes to desk, makes entry in ledger and sighs. Reënter* MARGOT.

MARGOT.

Forgot the trowel. [*Crosses to wood-shed and reaches through door for trowel.*] What's the matter, Al? You're not doing more accounts! I saw you at it this morning before I was up.

ALLISON.

I wanted to see where we stood before the first. And we're still fifty dollars short on that four hundred and thirty of Stephen's, Margot, even with the rye and the potatoes. I'd been counting on the jellies, but orders are terribly slow coming in.

MARGOT.

Great Scot, Al, did it ever occur to you before this summer how hard it is to make fifty dollars!

ALLISON.

I know, and it's so easy to spend it!

MARGOT.

When I think of the way I used to buy hats just for the fun of buying 'em, my blood runs cold! Well, I must be off. Janey's picking corn in that frock!

[She goes. ALLISON takes out note-paper and begins to write.]

ALLISON.

[Writing.] "My dear Roy" . . . *[Stops to think and reads.]* "My dear Roy" . . .
"My dear Roy . . . I didn't write before because there wasn't anything much to tell you. . . ."
[There is a knock at door.] Come!

[Door opens. A big, hot, cross-looking man in shirt sleeves stands there.]

THE MAN.

[Crossly.] Got any apples?

ALLISON.

Apples? Won't you come in?

THE MAN.

No time to set. I'm from Perkins, Springfield. I'm payin' one seventy-five fer Class A, Greenin's, Spyes, or Spitz.

ALLISON.

I'm so sorry. We haven't any Class A. All our apples have something the matter with them. Don't you want any potatoes? We've the *niciest* potatoes.

THE MAN.

Full up on 'tates. I'll be goin' then.

ALLISON.

Wait a minute. Doesn't Perkins carry preserves? We've some delicious ——

THE MAN.

Nothin' doin'. I haven't got no breath to waste on fancy stuff. Done more'n a day's work as 'tis —— [*Seeing dipper.*] I'll take a dipper of water if you've no objection. [*Opens water-box.*]

ALLISON.

You *do* look tired. Let me give you a nice cup of hot tea. It won't take a second.

[*While he is drinking she takes kettle from stove and pours it into teapot on tray up L.*]

THE MAN.

[*Throwing dregs of water from dipper out-of-doors.*] No, thanks, this'll do for me.

ALLISON.

[*Coming to c. table with tea-tray.*] It's all ready and I've some delicious fresh bread, baked this morning.

THE MAN.

Fresh bakin'! Gosh, I do feel kinder holler.

ALLISON.

[*Pulling up chair.*] Sit down. It isn't late. I was just going to have tea myself.

THE MAN.

[*Looking at her with seeing eyes for the first time.*] Wuz you? Ain't seen you before, hev I? By crickets, be you one o' them two crazy city girls I heard tell on?

ALLISON.

[*Laughing as she cuts bread.*] I may have been once, but I'm a country girl now—and "turrible smart."

THE MAN.

I don't doubt it. Nuthin' the matter with this bread and butter.

ALLISON.

Oh, yes, there is. It needs some of this jam on it.
[*She helps him copiously from the carton, then pours tea for herself.*]

THE MAN.

[*After a moment in which he has been eating voraciously.*] Gosh, I wuz hungry! Come to think of it, I haven't had a morsel but cold apple since eleven o'clock. I'll trouble you for some more of that sweet. Tastes good to me. What is it?

ALLISON.

[*Helping him.*] That's quince jam. We put it up here and lots of other things too. We call it the Liberty Loan Brand because we buy Liberty Bonds with the proceeds. See?

[*She shows him the label on the carton.*]

THE MAN.

[*Reading.*] Well, now, that's a right cute label. Ought to be a good seller, ain't it?

ALLISON.

It is when it gets started. But we're new and it's hard to break in—it takes business men with imagination—like you—to appreciate it——

[*She fills his cup.*]

THE MAN.

[*His mouth full.*] I'm not surprised. What else do you make?

ALLISON.

[*Getting a couple more cartons.*] Well, we've some delicious mint jelly and rose geranium we're very proud of. Won't you try them, Mr. er—I don't know your name.

THE MAN.

[*Sampling everything.*] My name's Pete—Pete Cobb.

ALLISON.

No! Really? I've an awfully good friend called Peter. Do you know you remind me of him.

[*PETER would be pleased.*]

PETE COBB.

Do I? Well, I reckon that means we're going to be friends too. I certainly am obliged to you—I'd no idea how hungry I was, Miss er——

ALLISON.

Marbrook—Allison Marbrook.

PETE COBB.

[*Finishing up samples.*] I say, Miss Marbrook, would you like me to take a line of your things to

Perkins—on commission? We've a pretty high class trade, you know.

ALLISON.

Oh, Mr. Cobb! I should love it! I've a case of samples all packed we were going to send to Lenox —

PETE COBB.

Lenox! Bosh! Lenox don't do half the trade we do. If your stuff goes well at Perkins', you'll have all you can do to keep us supplied. I'll look in whenever I happen to be in these parts and tell you how they're gettin' on.

ALLISON.

[*Going to door with him.*] Oh, that is nice of you. The box is in the cellar. I hope it won't be too heavy.

PETE COBB.

[*Going out with her.*] Heavy! I kin carry a barrel o' apples on one arm. Now as fer business, we pays a small amount down an' gits ten per cent —

[*They go off. After a moment the sound of a heavy motor getting started is heard. Then ALLISON returns, puts tea-tray on shelf by sink, goes to desk, sits down before her letter and begins to write again. JEAN enters from wood-shed, carrying some blades in one hand and a covered pail of milk in the other.*]

ALLISON.

Oh . . . Jean.

[JEAN crosses, puts milk can on table up L. and takes down dipper.

JEAN.

Mademoiselle Margot has jus' taken ze men down. They hav' work well. Ze grain is good, Mademoiselle. It will bring ze price. [He drinks.

ALLISON.

Oh, I'm so glad and I've just sold a case of samples to Perkins' man. That's a splendid opening. I guess we'll come out all right now about the money we owe Stephen.

JEAN.

I congratulate you, Mademoiselle. It is a great deal to do what one sets out to do. But you don' seem overjoyed.

ALLISON.

[Dully.] Oh, I am, I am. Of course we couldn't have done anything without you, Jean. . . . I beg your pardon, but your cable—was it about your leave?

JEAN.

Yes, Mademoiselle.

ALLISON.

Will you have to go back, Jean?

JEAN.

Yes, Mademoiselle. It is about zat I would talk. But you are busy.

ALLISON.

Oh, I was just writing a letter —

JEAN.

[*Approaching her.*] Finish, Mademoiselle. It is business? Can I be of any assistance?

ALLISON.

No, it's not business. It's just to Mr. Parcher.

JEAN.

[*Going back.*] Oh, your fiancé—pardon, Mademoiselle!

[*He gets cloth from near sink and proceeds to wipe off blades, studying ALLISON'S back with a puzzled, worried expression.*]

ALLISON.

[*After some hesitation, writes one more sentence.*] There doesn't seem much to say. Perhaps you *can* be of help, Jean. You've been at camp. What sort of things do men most like to hear about at camp—from a farm, you know? I think I've written all the news, but it sounds dull.

JEAN.

[*Seriously, but suppressing a smile.*] Let me tink. I hav' never receive a letter from a farm, but I should imagine there would be a great deal that a farm could say. If Mademoiselle would care to read me what she has already written perhaps I could suggest ——

ALLISON.

All right. [*She reads.*] “My dear Roy, I didn't write before because there wasn't anything much to tell you. Everything is going well at the farm.

We harvested the rye last week, or rather Jean did, with Margot and me looking on. To-day he and the men are threshing it in the barn. Harvesting is very picturesque work. Margot and I have been very busy over our jellies. I hope you liked the samples I sent. Dorothea is coming home this October. Isn't that splendid? Stephen has been ordered to Chillicothe to teach. You will be glad to hear that Jean has just said our rye came out in fine condition." There! that's all so far!

JEAN.

[*Thoughtfully.*] Well, I mus' admit, Mademoiselle, if I wuz at camp it is not exactly ze sort of letter I should care to receive from ze young lady to whom I had ze honor to be betrothed.

ALLISON.

[*Hastily.*] Oh, Roy just likes *newsy* letters, you know.

JEAN.

So do we all, Mademoiselle, but zere is news an' news! Speaking for myself, if I were in Mr. Parcher's position, ze news of ze rye would not interest me quite so much az ze news of ——

[*He hesitates.*]

ALLISON.

Of what?

JEAN.

[*Putting down tools.*] Of yourself, Mademoiselle. Of what you are doing, and tinkin' and feeling.

ALLISON.

But I did write him what I was doing—the jellies, you know—and as for the rest—I—oh, I never *could* put that sort of thing in a letter. I don't know how.

JEAN.

[*Coming towards her.*] Perhaps, zen, I could help you, Mademoiselle.

ALLISON.

You?

JEAN.

[*Sitting on corner of big table near her.*] You know ze people of my nation are noted for zere ability to express ze feelings. It is not zat we have make a study of it, Mademoiselle. It is zat when we feel, it is natural for us to speak. We are so proud, so happy! Not like ze English who seem always a little ashame—— Now, were I in your position, Mademoiselle, it would be so simple for me to write ze letter to my betrothed. [*He comes behind her.*] I should say jus' [*softly*], "*Mon tres cher*,"—it goes easier in ze French I admit, but if we mus' use ze English, well—"My ver' dear." You will write it, Mademoiselle? [ALLISON, *bent low over the desk, picks up her pen and makes an attempt to write, which soon comes to an end.* JEAN'S voice becomes tense with emotion as he goes on.] "My ver' dear, zere is nossing to tell you excep' zat I love you, an' zat I know you love me. Every day it grows bigger, our love, an' richer. It is ze great harvest we reap from ze little farm. I cannot bear to tink of your going away across ze water so soon, but if you mus' go"—shall I go on, Mademoiselle?

ALLISON.

[Very low; her face hidden.] Go on.

JEAN.

[Very close behind her.] "If you mus' go, let us at least be made one before ze world, as we are now in spirit. You have not ask me in so many words to be your wife, but I know it is ze dearest wish of your heart. And what is your wish mus' be my wish also. For are you not my beloved?" *[There is a moment's pause.]* Zat is all, Mademoiselle, excep' to finish wiz —*[His arms are about her, his face very close to hers. ALLISON lifts her face, smiling through tears.]*

ALLISON.

With what?

JEAN.

Wiz zis! *[He kisses her upon the lips. She yields. He lifts her in his arms and kisses her again and again, passionately.]* Ma belle—ma mie—mon amour!

ALLISON.

Jean—Jean! *[She withdraws from him, holding his hands in hers. They stand looking at each other with parted lips and the dawning of new worlds in their eyes. There is a knock at the door. They separate. ALLISON, softly.]* Come in. *[Enter ROY PARCHER.]* Roy!

ROY.

Hello! Are you surprised to see me, Allison? *[Looking at JEAN.]* Oh, who?

ALLISON.

Roy—this is Jean Duval. He ——

ROY.

Oh, I know—your Frenchman. [*He nods.*] But I want to see you alone, Allison.

JEAN.

[*Stepping forward.*] Mademoiselle, if you will permit—I ——

ALLISON.

No, no, Jean, please. I want to speak to Mr. Parcher too. Do you mind leaving us? *Please, Jean!*

JEAN.

As you say, Mademoiselle. Au revoir, Monsieur.

[*He bows punctiliously to Roy, who is examining the milk pail with a certain nervous curiosity, and goes out.*]

ROY.

Lots of formality, isn't there? I suppose that's the French of it. You haven't asked me what I'm doing here?

ALLISON.

I'm waiting. Sit down, Roy.

ROY.

Well, Mrs. Bradley asked me up.

ALLISON.

Mrs. Bradley. Oh [*with meaning for herself*] I see. How awfully nice!

Roy.

I suppose she knew you didn't have room. Being at Upton, it's not so hard to get here now.

ALLISON.

That's true. Why were you transferred, Roy?

Roy.

Reckon it means we're ready to go over. The Upton men are going out pretty fast now. That's what I wanted to talk to you about, Allison.

ALLISON.

What do you mean, Roy?

Roy.

Well, getting into Upton brings a feller up pretty short, you know—an' makes him think an' ——

ALLISON.

Yes?

Roy.

Oh, Al, I hate to be brutal about it, but this war business is a mighty serious thing, and I feel I ought to be frank with you at all costs, and—well, the fact is, I found I wasn't thinkin' as much about you, Al, as I—er—ought to be thinking, under the circumstances.

ALLISON.

[*Softly.*] Who were you thinking about, Roy—your mother? Or Janey?

Roy.

[*Wondering.*] Allison—how did you—know?

ALLISON.

I guessed. Have you said anything to Janey?

ROY.

[*Indignant.*] Said anything? Wasn't I engaged to you? Do you think I'd make love to another girl any more than you'd let another man propose to you?

ALLISON.

No, no! Of course not! . . . Well, the only thing for us to do is to break our engagement at once. You go and find Janey right off. She only left here a few minutes ago. Tell her you're free and ——

[*She has seized Roy by the arm and is pushing him towards the door.*]

ROY.

Well, you needn't be in such an awful hurry about it, Allison.

ALLISON.

I'm not in a hurry, but I'd like to see things settled one way or another.

ROY.

[*Trying to lift the scene to its proper level.*] It's mighty plucky of you to take it like this, Al. I know what it's costing you.

ALLISON.

Oh, you mustn't worry about me, Roy.

ROY.

But I *am* worrying. Makes me feel like a cad, rather. I asked you, Al, and if you don't want to

release me, I guess I'm enough of an officer and a gentleman to do the decent thing.

ALLISON.

[*Aghast at the possibility.*] You mean—marry me anyway! Roy, you certainly are the stuff heroes are made of. But I wouldn't have that for worlds. Don't you see that I'm glad you've found the right girl at last—really glad? There's nothing else like it, is there, Roy?

ROY.

Nothing! I say, how do you know?

ALLISON.

[*Quickly.*] Now, you go and find Janey. She left here just a few minutes ago. Tell her I give you up to her freely. Tell her I won't marry you if I have to remain an old maid for the rest of my life. Tell her——

[*The door bursts open and MARGOT enters followed by JANEY, PETER and TRUESDALE.*]

MARGOT.

Hello! Here's the whole bunch! Who's going to be an old maid?

ALLISON.

Hello, Dr. Truesdale. Hello, Peter dear. Well, I've something to tell you all. Roy and I have broken our engagement.

PETER.

[*Calmly.*] Really?

JANEY.

You have! Why?

ALLISON.

I guess it was only a practice flight, Janey. Roy's ready for the real thing now.

[Enter JEAN from the wood-shed, unnoticed.]

MARGOT.

Good for you, Al! Nothing like the economic independence of women!

ROY.

Reckon there's not much danger of Allison remaining an old maid!

ALLISON.

I certainly don't *want* to.

JEAN.

[*Coming forward.*] Mademoiselle, can I be of service? If you will accept ze hand of a poor soldier —

JANEY.

Good gracious!

ALLISON.

Oh, Jean, how chivalrous of you!

[*She takes his hand.*]

ROY.

Allison! You accept?

ALLISON.

Out of *pique*, Roy!

ROY.

What do you know of this fellow?

ALLISON.

We've worked together for three months on a farm. That's a pretty good test.

MARGOT.

You bet it is! Jean's Class A, all right.

ROY.

Are you all joking? Are you really going to let Allison marry this chap, Mr. Weston?

PETER.

Well, Roy, when Allison engaged him I took pains to look up his references [*exchanging smiles with TRUESDALE*], and I found them *exceptionally* satisfactory. Now that she's engaged to him, I don't feel that I need to go into it all over again.

JEAN.

[*His arm around ALLISON.*] All over ze world, Monsieur, ze laboring class is coming into its own. Mademoiselle could not stand in ze way of progress.

[*They all gather around JEAN and ALLISON in congratulation as*

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

ALIAS BROWN

A Satirical Farce in Three Acts

By E. F. Whisler

Eleven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery two interiors. Plays two hours. Keeler, tearing arrest for participation in a glove contest in Sacramento, adopts the name of a cigar salesman, Brown, whose card he finds in the train, and flees to Reno. Too late he finds Brown to be named as the correspondent in a divorce suit brought by Mr. Logan against his wife, and that Mr. and Mrs. Logan and Mary Gilbert, the girl of his heart, are all on the ground. His troubles are many, but he finds a way out of them. Good rapid farce and very funny.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MR. JAMES LOGAN, a young married man. Age about twenty-five. Quick tempered.

MR. MORTIMER, "Mrs. Mortimer's husband" not subdued, but submerged. Age about forty.

JOHN BROWN, a cigar salesman. Age about forty. A practical business man with no frills. Somewhat bald and a little gray.

VINCENT ALLGOOD, the hotel clerk (Nuff ced).

MONTMORENCY, a bell hop.

HENRY KEELER, a young man of about thirty. A gentleman of leisure, and a good fellow.

BILLY NEWCOMB, a newspaper reporter. Alert and on the job.

LA RUE, the chief of police. A little heavy mentally, but persistent and faithful.

MR. THOMAS RICHIE, a good-hearted, but weak young fellow, of about twenty-four.

LEE WATERS, a theatrical manager. Pompous and much inclined to run things.

RASTUS, a porter.

MARY GILBERT, a public stenographer. Age about twenty-five. A practical, sensible girl.

MRS. MARIE LOGAN, a young married woman. Age about twenty-two.

MRS. BEATRICE MORTIMER, an actress. Age about forty-five.

MRS. JOHN BROWN, about forty years old. Very mild mannered, a little old-fashioned.

MRS. THOMAS RICHIE, age about twenty. A flighty little thing, frivolous, but affectionate.

A FULL HOUSE

A Farce in One Act

By Dorothy Waldo

Three males, three females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. Mrs. Jinks, who keeps a boarding house, gets two applicants for her second floor front mixed, and manages by accident to straighten out a tangled love affair. Full of laughs. Recommended.

Price, 15 cents

A REGULAR RAH! RAH! BOY

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgman

Fourteen male characters, sixteen or seventeen years old. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and three-quarters. An ingenious and interesting story of football politics, into the plot of which the "movies" enter as a detective agency. Fred Williamson's unexpected talents as a photo-play comedian get him into all kinds of trouble. Full of the true college atmosphere, lively, bright and a sure hit. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

LE ROY BRIGGS, *captain of the football team*

SAM BIGELOW, *centre*

FRED WILLIAMSON, *quarter back*

HAROLD SMITH, *half back*

PHILIP AINSWORTH, *sub*

DICK COLTON, *sub*

RUSSELL SYDNEY

LEONARD FERGUSON

STEPHEN REYNOLDS

CLAYTON KING, *football coach and instructor in Milford Academy.*

MURPHY, *trainer.*

MR. DEANE, *an instructor.*

ALEXANDER NORTON, *Manager of the Star Moving Picture Theatre*

JIMMY COLTON, *Dick's little brother, "a regular rah! rah! boy."*

Extra schoolboys and visitors for acts two and three.

Should be played by
boys sixteen and
seventeen years
old.

Juniors.

ON THE QUIET

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgman

Twelve male characters. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays an hour and a half. A picturesque and exciting story of the Maine Woods. Some Dartmouth freshmen, camping out, become the victims of a practical joke by one of their number who tires of the unexciting life of the camp. They discover a note telling of a brutal murder in the woods and in their pursuit of the criminal through clues ingeniously furnished by the joker, they get a lot of inoffensive people into a sad mix-up, with the aid of Jeremiah Hincks, a rustic Sherlock Holmes. Very swift and lively and strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

HIRAM JONES' BET

A Farce in One Act

By May E. Countryman

One male, two females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. Hiram Jones, an incurable maker of bets, inveigles two ladies into making wagers with him in regard to the loan of a patent egg-beater; he thinks that he has a safe thing on both, but discovering his plot, the ladies get together and so arrange matters that he loses both bets. Very lively, bright and funny and a sure thing with an audience.

Price, 15 cents

CAPTAIN CRANBERRY

A Cape Cod Drama in Three Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Eight male, three female characters. Costumes, modern rustic and seafaring; scenery, two easy interiors. Plays two hours. Cranford Berry, affectionately known as "Captain Cranberry," has gained from the griefs and hardships of a long life a beautiful philosophy and is the mainstay of his neighbors. Learning that Ariel, who has long passed as the daughter of Abner Freeman, a fellow mariner, is his own child, he willingly foregoes the rights of a father to secure her greater happiness; but events make this great sacrifice unnecessary and all ends happily. Lee Gordon's pursuit of material for his great detective story, "The Mystery of the Seven Pipes," provides a wealth of comedy, and lots of excitement. Free of royalty. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

CRANFORD BERRY (CAP'N CRANBERRY), *keeper of the Bay Point Light.*

ABNER FREEMAN, *a retired whaler.*

OBADIAH DANIELS, *postmaster.*

LEMUEL SAWYER, *constable.*

SAMUEL SAWYER, *his son.*

LEE GORDON, *an author.*

PETER PRETZEL POMEROY, *his accomplice.*

NAT WILLIAMS.

ARIEL FREEMAN, *Abner's daughter.*

HEPSY SAWYER, *Lemuel's wife.*

CYNTHIA TINKER.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Living-room in Cynthia's home—Bay Point, Cape Cod.

ACT II.—The same; the next morning.

ACT III.—Room in Abner Freeman's old fish house on the shore; late afternoon of the same day.

DOUBLE DUMMY

A Comedietta in One Act

By Ema S. Hunting

One male, one female character. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. Merton Graves, of the *Post*, in an effort to interview the celebrated Mme. Mordini encounters Kathrine Coleman, of the *Press*, whom he takes for Mordini, while she takes him for Wainworth, the painter, whom she is after on a similar errand. An amusing bit of mistaken identity, very actable.

Price, 15 cents

RED ACRE FARM

A Rural Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Gordan V. May. **Seven** males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior, one exterior. Plays two hours. An easy and entertaining play with a well-balanced cast of characters. The story is strong and sympathetic and the comedy element varied and amusing. Barnaby Strutt is a great part for a good comedian; "Junior" a close second. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE COUNTRY MINISTER

A Comedy Drama in Five Acts by Arthur Lewis Tubbs. **Eight** males five females. Costumes, modern; scenery not difficult. Plays a full evening. A very sympathetic piece, of powerful dramatic interest; strong and varied comedy relieves the serious plot. Ralph Underwood, the minister, is a great part, and Roxy a strong soubrette; all parts are good and full of opportunity. Clean, bright and strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE COLONEL'S MAID

A Comedy in Three Acts by C. Leona Dalrymple. **Six** males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening. An exceptionally bright and amusing comedy, full of action; all the parts good. Capital Chinese low comedy part; two first-class old men. This is a very exceptional piece and can be strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

MOSE

A Comedy in Three Acts by C. W. Miles. **Eleven** males, ten females. Scenery, two interiors; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a half. A lively college farce, full of the true college spirit. Its cast is large, but many of the parts are small and incidental. Introduces a good deal of singing, which will serve to lengthen the performance. Recommended highly for co-educational colleges.

Price, 15 cents

OUR WIVES

A Farce in Three Acts by Anthony E. Wills. **Seven** males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half. A bustling, up-to-date farce, full of movement and action; all the parts good and effective; easy to produce; just the thing for an experienced amateur club and hard to spoil, even in the hands of less practical players. Free for amateur performance.

Price, 25 cents

THE SISTERHOOD OF BRIDGET

A Farce in Three Acts by Robert Elwin Ford. **Seven** males, six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, easy interiors. Plays two hours. An easy, effective and very humorous piece turning upon the always interesting servant girl question. A very unusual number of comedy parts; all the parts good. Easy to get up and well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE BEWILDERING MISS FELICIA

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Granville Forbes Sturgis

(Written expressly for and presented by The Drama Club of the Denver Grade Teachers' Association, Colorado.)

Fourteen females. Scenery, one interior and one exterior; costumes, period of 1830, but may be modern, if desired. Miss Felicia comes to the sleepy town of Lilac and occupies her grandfather's mansion. By her radiant personality she transforms the characters of all the old maids of the village, making them drop all their petty shams and jealousies. French dialect, negro and country girl comedy characters; all the parts first-class. A strong piece and not difficult. Plays two and a quarter hours.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

FELICIA FREEMAN, *the newcomer.*

MISS ADELINE PAISLEY, *an old maid.*

MRS. CAPTAIN HIPPOLYTUS BIDDLE.

MRS. FREDERICK ADDISON, *divorced.*

MRS. ROBERT DOUGLAS, *honeymooning alone.*

MRS. MARCIA MURRAY, *a widow.*

NORMA MURRAY, *her daughter.*

MISS MEHITABLE OGGSBY, *a landlady.*

HANNAH JANE, *a drudge for Miss Oggsby.*

MISS LUCRETIA LONG, *inclined to be frivolous.*

MRS. JOHN JOSE, *who sells butter and eggs.*

SALLY JOHNSON, *a laundress.*

FREEDOM, *colored, but free.*

MAMSELLE, *maid to Felicia.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The vacant house. Exterior.—Late afternoon.

ACT II.—Miss Felicia's. Interior.—One year later.

ACT III.—Miss Felicia says "Good-bye." Exterior.—Six weeks later, afternoon.

THREE OF A KIND

A Comedy Sketch in One Act

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

One male, six female characters. Scene, a simple interior; costumes, modern. Written expressly for the author's High School pupils from fourteen to seventeen years of age; one adult and one child of seven. Miss Carrington, the new governess, is expected to arrive, and it occurs to both Bob and Eloise to disguise themselves like her and have a little fun. Their mix up with the real Miss C. is very funny. Easy, rapid and laughable; a sure hit and can be recommended. Plays twenty-five minutes.

Price, 15 cents

A COUPLE OF MILLION

An American Comedy in Four Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Author of "Professor Pepp," "Much Ado About Betty,"
"The Hoodoo," "The Dutch Detective," etc.

Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening. Royalty, ten dollars (\$10.00) for each performance. A more ambitious play by this popular author in the same successful vein as his previous offerings. Bemis Bennington is left two million dollars by his uncle on condition that he shall live for one year in a town of less than five thousand inhabitants and during that period marry and earn without other assistance than his own industry and ability the sum of five thousand dollars. Failing to accomplish this the money goes to one Professor Noah Jabb. This is done despite the energetic opposition of Jabb, who puts up a very interesting fight. A capital play that can be strongly recommended. Plenty of good comedy and a great variety of good parts, full of opportunity.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

BEMIS BENNINGTON.

HON. JEREMY WISE.

JAMES PATRICK BURNS, "*Stubby*."

PROFESSOR NOAH JABB.

BEVERLY LOMAN.

SQUIRE PIPER.

FAY FAIRBANKS.

MRS. CLARICE COURTENAY.

GENEVIEVE MCGULLY.

SAMMIE BELL PORTER.

PINK.

Several Hill-Billies.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The law office of Hon. Jeremy Wise, New York City
A morning in July.

ACT II.—The exterior of the court-house, Opaloopa, Alabama
An afternoon in October.

ACT III.—Same as Act II. The next afternoon.

ACT IV.—Mrs. Courtenay's sitting-room, Opaloopa, Alabama.
A night in April.

ISOSCELES

A Play in One Act

By Walter Ben Hare

Two male, one female characters. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. Royalty \$2.50 for each performance. An admirable little travesty of the conventional emotional recipe calling for husband, wife and lover. Played in the proper spirit of burlesque it is howlingly funny. Strongly recommended for the semi-professional uses of schools of acting. A capital bit for a benefit or exhibition programme, offering a decided novelty.

Price, 25 cents

Plays and Novelties That Have Been "Winners"

	<i>Males</i>	<i>Females</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Price</i>	<i>Royalty</i>
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A Lady to Call	3	1/2	"	15c	"
Leave it to Polly	11	1 1/2	"	25c	"
The Minute Man	13	1 1/2	"	25c	"
Miss Fearless & Co.	10	2	"	25c	"
A Modern Cinderella	16	1 1/2	"	25c	"
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The Turn in the Road	9	1 1/2	"	15c	"
Wanted—A Pitcher	11	1/2	"	15c	"
What They Did for Jenkins	14	2	"	25c	"
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Women in War	11	1/2	"	15c	"

BAKER, 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

Plays for Colleges and High Schools

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Bachelor Hall	8	4	2 "	25c	\$5.00
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